

SPY



N°61



N°14



N°10



N°1



N°30

*Gala,
Semi-thick
Anniversary
Issue*

Our Annual Census of the Most Annoying,

Alarming

and Appalling

People,

THE SPY 100



N°67

Places and

Things in New York and the Nation

ALSO:

REAL

**REAL ESTATE
MADNESS**

ALSO:

**LUNCHTIME
ADULTERY**





georges
marciano

This One

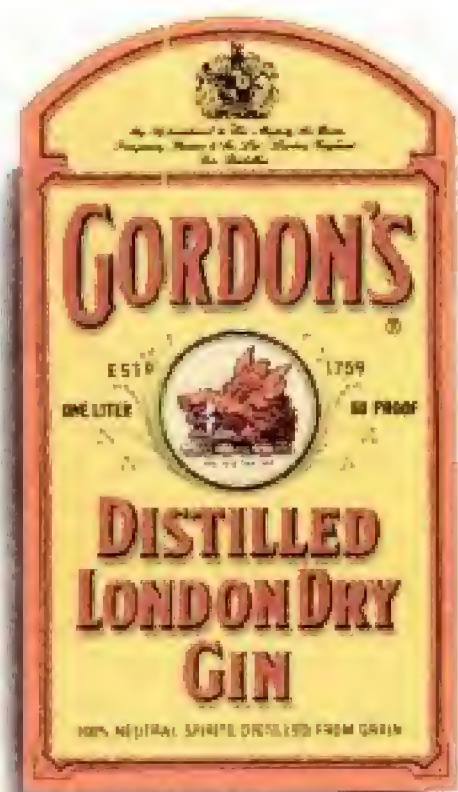


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AND ITS GIN.

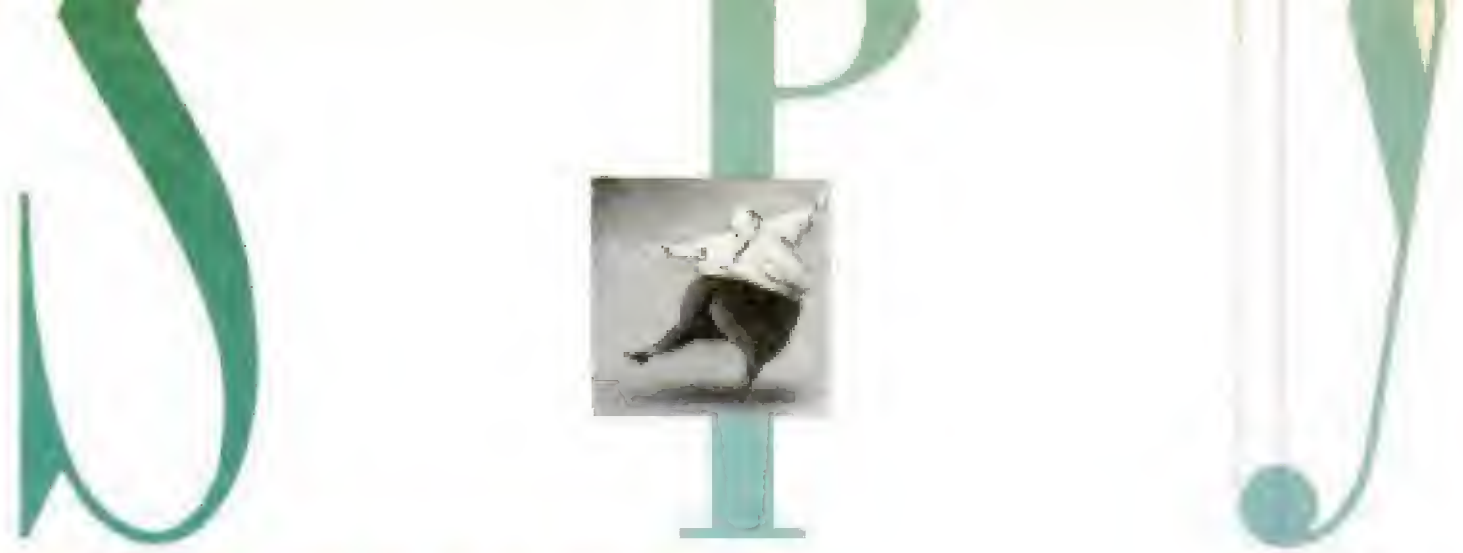


THE GIN OF ENGLAND. AND THE WORLD.

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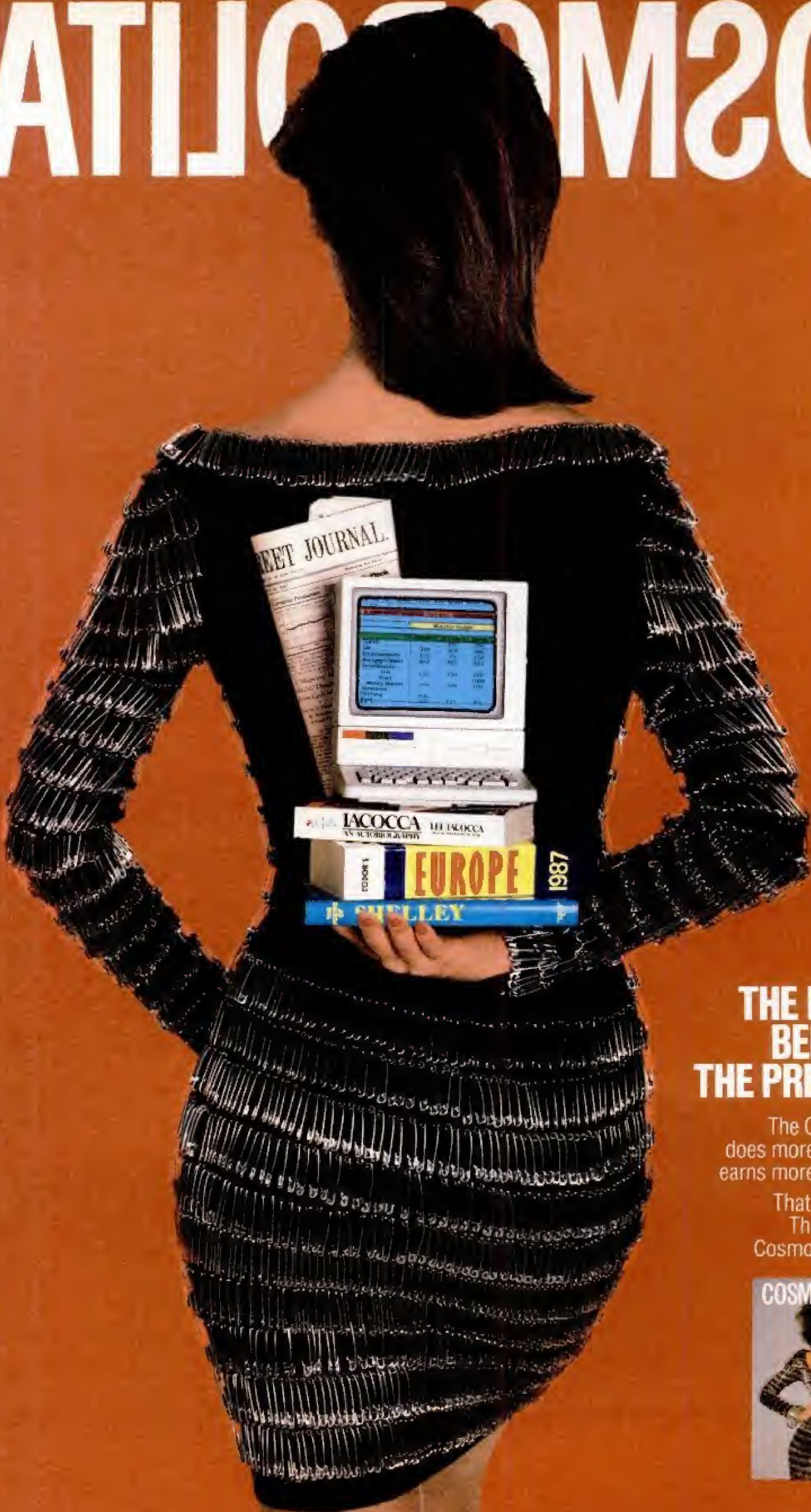
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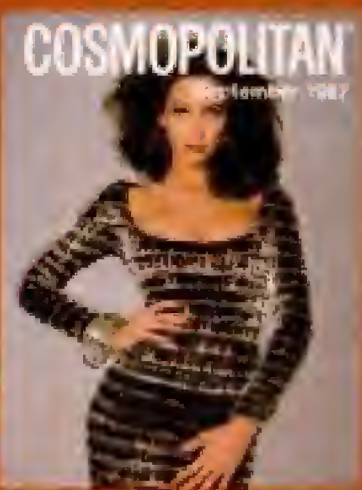
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are soft. . . —New York judge after swatting at a female defense lawyer



WE CALL IT OKTOBERFEST. THEN AGAIN, BACK WHEN WE WERE YOUNG, WE CALLED AMERICA AMERIKA AND COPS STORM

troopers and Richard Nixon a Nazi. But now we're older and wiser and fat and happy, and so in October we're inclined to pop in a Bix Beiderbecke CD, sip a mug of sugar-free hot chocolate, wait for trick-or-treaters and quietly revel in the misfortunes of our enemies. 🍷 We don't mean Mayor Koch. *No*. Honest. We took no pleasure in Mayor Koch's stroke. We did not say to



ourselves, *Ha! Serves the duplicitous little prick right.*

We did not even mind so much when the mayor said, meaninglessly, about his poststroke chastening, "I cannot taunt God," adding, "Believe me, I'm neither a wild man nor a schmuck." Or when he told Mother Teresa, "I was a miracle." 🍷 It was only when Koch released his appalling, 28-page "memoir" of the stroke that we resorted to foul language and ungenerous thoughts.

Is Koch tough? Let him tell you how

Oktoberfest

tough. "I thought to myself, *I'm having a stroke.* I thought, *Well, I'll go on to Harlem* [where he was due to make an appearance] *and worry about it later.*" Is Koch beloved? Let him tell you how beloved. "The entire town shuddered because of what happened to you," he alleges a friend told him. "They suddenly realized what it would be like if you were not here. You should be very moved by that." I said, 'I am.' (This is the most ridiculous thing we've ever heard.) 🍷 But maybe New York wasn't shuddering at the thought of losing Koch. Maybe the city was shuddering at the thought of Secretary Weinberger doing a stand-up routine at a quiet with Phyllis anniversary of the shima. (Sorry—*this* is



the most ridiculous thing we've ever heard.) 🍷 Or maybe it wasn't a shudder at all—maybe it was a sustained snicker at the inability of the White House to lose the lingering stink of the



...I like to bit girls because they

Iran-contra affair. A presidential aide said that the congressional hearings were uncomfortable for the lovable old dope in the Oval Office. Indeed, for Reagan, the aide suggested, the experience was surreal: "You're watching part of yourself unfold in front of you." (No—*this* is the most ridiculous thing we've ever heard.)

Former national security adviser, Iran-contra conspirator and Valium buff Bud McFarlane is apparently getting remedial ethics training from his wife. Jonda McFarlane published a very odd advice column in *Newsweek*. "Well, then, how does one go about this business of finding meaning in life?" she wrote. "Avoid . . . actions that could harm another (ponder the ramifications of *that* in your professional and private lives)."

Pondering moral ramifications is a very sixties thing—more evidence of the sixties revival we've been yammering about? Maybe, but we've moved on: the early signs of a *seventies* revival are suddenly everywhere. U.S.-Soviet détente is in the air. Inflation is threatening to rage. The prices of oil and gold have been climbing. CBS is putting on a sanitized

war series (this fall's *Hogan's Heroes* is *Tour of Duty*, a pop-Vietnam show filming in Hawaii). A dull, youngish southern Democrat (Albert Gore or Sam Nunn, take your pick) may well make it to the White House, and an unsightly relative of the real Jimmy Carter (then it was Billy, now it's Amy) is making a spectacle of herself. And shades of Sammy Davis Jr. hugging Richard Nixon: a hateful Republican presidential candidate (Al Haig) just named a smarmy black entertainer (Billy Dee Williams) to his squadron of "national advisers." A seventies revival is the most ridiculous thing you've ever heard? Scoff, but we've already sent our leisure suits out to be cleaned and pressed and let out a bit around the waist.

The seventies were all about flip-flops and confusion—sexual confusion, political confusion, moral confusion. So now, as the seventies revival gets under way, even the darn pope is confused—he *was going* to beatify a Spanish-American missionary during his September trip to the Coast, and then he reneged. John Paul II backed out even though some popish "scientific com-

mittee" concluded that the eighteenth-century priest had cured an ailing nun in St. Louis in 1960. (A scientific committee verifying the miracles of dead saints? This, certainly, is the most ridiculous thing we've ever heard.)

And now there's confusion even in America's corporate suites and courtrooms. Richard Wigton, the former head of arbitrage at Kidder, Peabody, was indicted for insider trading in April; then the company suspended him; then the indictment was dropped in May; then in August the president of Kidder said Wigton had been "asked to rejoin the firm"; then, before the week was out, the company said in a "clarification" that Wigton wouldn't be rejoining Kidder after all, but that the firm would resume paying his legal defense costs—but only until he is indicted again (which the government has threatened to do). Even officials at the company were aghast that Wigton would be invited back just as new insider-trading indictments were about to come down. "This," one Kidder executive told *The Wall Street Journal*, "is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard." ☺

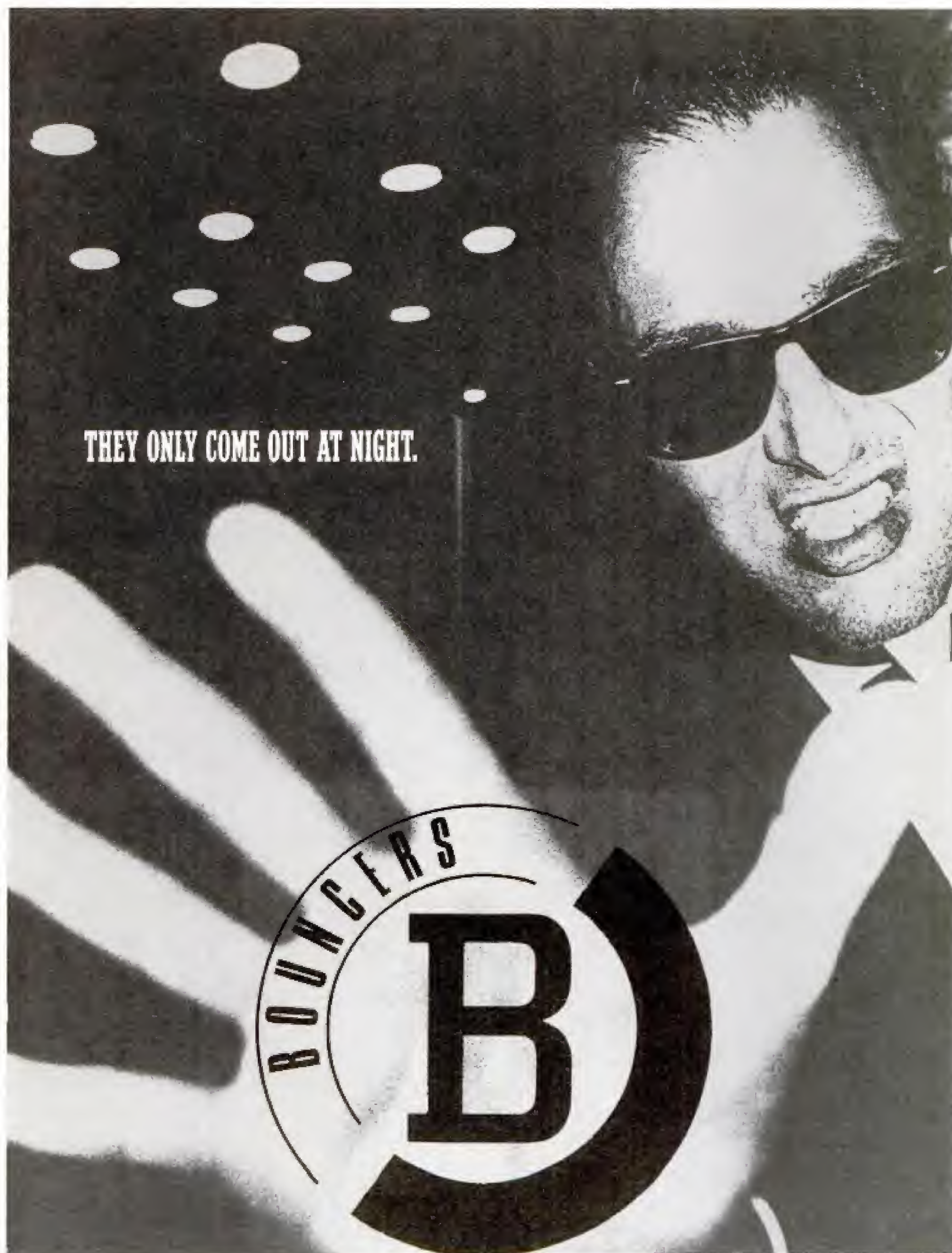


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From the SPY mailroom: Brad Lynch of Manhattan, after pausing to reflect on the sociological significance of August's "Busty Like Me" narrative by Lynn Snowden (his conclusion: "Wotta babe!"), points out that Rosanna Arquette was Steve Porcaro's girlfriend, not David Paich's ("Love Was a Many-Splendored Thing," same issue). SPY is understandably embarrassed to have somehow confused two members of Toto. And we'd like to add that while Rod Stewart and Britt Ekland were never married, as we also reported, we have it on good authority that there was some hanky-panky going on.

Daniel R. Wright of Manhattan offers a footnote to Taki's "slap" at the columnist Suzy ("Who's Who Among the Horrid," July/August): the fact that Aileen Mehle, who is Suzy, appeared as a witness for the plaintiff in a libel suit against Taki for defamation of character. (Taki was ordered to pay damages.) Speaking of defamation, a reader from Burbank writes disapprovingly about Taki, his prose and his choice of subject matter and asks, "Isn't he printed in enough other magazines?" *Absolutely not.* SPY feels that Taki should appear in every magazine—that readers should choose their magazines based on the comparative quality of thousands of simultaneous Taki columns. That way it'll be easy to justify, say, letting your subscription to *Foreign Affairs* (with its Taki column) lapse while renewing, for two years, *Dirt Bike* (with its far, far superior Taki column).

Nancy Moon writes from Los Angeles to request back issues and adds despairingly, "There is so little wit out here. . . . Could you send a couple of reporters out to the Coast to roast us for our own good?" Her check was enclosed; our reporters are in the mail. And Nicholas "Lumpfish" Lapp—well, we just wanted to see that name in type.



JOINING US LATE?

For back issues of SPY, write to us at The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Enclose \$3.50 per copy, please.



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feasts

DEAR EDITORS **E**very observation made by Lynn Snowden in "Busty Like Me" [July/August] was right on the mark. As a real-life big-buster, I experience all the daily problems she mentioned—poor posture, looking fat, trying on inappropriately styled clothing—plus more.

Placing a napkin on the lap of a large-busted lady is an erroneous gesture. If anything misses my mouth, it falls on my protruding shelf. Aerobics is really impossible. Invariably the pert little instructor has the class jumping up and down on both feet. Of course, when I'm up, they're down, and when I'm down, they're bouncing in my face.

I'd trade them in anytime for a pair of removable falsies. Lucky Lynn!

Lenore Denbin, 36C

(34C pre-Nautilus.

What a mistake!)

New York

DEAR EDITORS **A** POEM FOR PAUL RUDNICK ["It's Okay to Hate High Culture," July/August]

I read in SPY that poetry's a drag
& to write it—you must be a fag
My corduroy jumpers are all out of style
I guess I'll put them on the garbage pile
My hard-core music is not to blame
but folk & pop crap just ain't the same
If wanting world peace has become déclassé
maybe we poets are really passé
Classical music & ballet are okay
but going to a Village club is more my way
e.e. cummings doesn't punctuate well
but I think Walt Whitman is rather swell
I know some poets are pretty beat
but some of us are still rather neat
I still like your magazine—it's pretty hip
but your pieces on poetry I'd rather skip.

Things I want for my birthday in September:

a new motorcycle

some good pot

a new typewriter

albums by Scruffy the Cat

& Suicidal Tendencies

another year's subscription to SPY.

Lynne Dahmen

Springfield, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS **R**e Heimel/Musto/Saban's reply [Letters to SPY, July/August] to my piece about them in the May SPY: I quit as editor of *The Sobo Weekly News* in April 1978; it was Saban who nearly got fired. I couldn't stand his purple hair.

John Lombardi

New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** have been meaning to write for some time, but your July/August issue has forced me to speak out.

SPY is the most entertaining thing on the stands.

I send my used copies to a former New Yorker in my company's Milan office. It is now her favorite publication, proving once and for all that SPY is the greatest magazine in the free world.

Keep up the good work, and don't let Milles. Heimel, Musto and Saban push you around.

William Middleton

New York

DEAR EDITORS **Y**ours is the best, funniest, snottiest magazine around! Every cover story has been worth putting up front, and your maps of the Ivy League restrooms ["Using the

Bathrooms of the Clubs of the Ivy League," January/February] and hot mugging spots in Central Park [The SPY Map, April] are a must for anyone even striving to be a with-it New Yorker!

One suggestion: in the June issue's *Saturday Night Live* piece, you should have mentioned Gilbert Gottfried's role as the Bronson Pinchot substitute in *Beverly Hills Cop II* (it's downright scary watching a young fellow with his whole life ahead of him imitating old Jewish accountants).

Dorian Tenore

New York

DEAR EDITORS **G**reat story on the Rula Lenskas of *Saturday Night Live* ["Remembering the Stars of *Saturday Night Live*," June].

Beverly Talbott

San Francisco, California

DEAR EDITORS **A**re you sure that Jesse Jackson, Michael Reagan, Alexander Haig, the man rubbed out by the Mafia and "the sorts of kids . . ." are all "deeply religious loners" [Great Expectations, July/August]?

Is this sloppy copyediting or a joke?

Leon Boyar

New York

We were making a joke, you lovable, humorless old prawn! For future reference—

This is a joke: Two psychiatrists meet in the street. One says to the other, "You're fine, how am I?"

This is sloppy copyediting: In the street two psychiatrists meet and said, "How are nyo?"

DEAR EDITORS **I** was glancing through Nancy Lemann's column "Dixie in Manhattan" [May] when I was struck by an odd sense of déjà vu. Remembering the last time I had encountered her byline, I checked the May issue of *Esquire*—and found, in a longer piece ("The Trials and Jubilations of Governor Edwin Edwards"), a key line and one long chunk of prose reproduced almost verbatim.

Don't get me wrong—I was more amused than offended. For all I know, such "recycling" is a common practice among writers (which I'll have to remember the next time I have two conflicting

assignments). What I really find intriguing, though, is Ms. Lemann's apparent assumption that people who read *Esquire* don't read SPY, and vice versa. Do you agree? (We're talking Editorial Identity here, guys—just how upscale are you trying to be?)

Philip Berroll

Brooklyn, New York

Nancy Lemann has been chastised for this oversight already in The Village Voice. After perusing the galleys of Lemann's book The Ritz of the Bayou, published this month, another intrigued SPY reader wrote in to inform us that in addition to the passage that appeared in both SPY and Esquire, 83 of the 183 lines Lemann ostensibly wrote for SPY also appear in her book.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☺



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If you think a plate of homemade brownies can satisfy the munchies of a Rolling Stone reader, here's the scoop on what else it takes. Last week, Rolling Stone readers spent 320 million dollars in grocery stores, drank 51 million glasses of soda, ate 2 million cups of yogurt and polished off 5 million candy bars. And they're still hungry.

Source: Simmons 1996

Rolling Stone

Naked City

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING

Each Sunday in the *Times*, hidden among camera store ads and announcements of society matings, the week's restaurant health code violations appear. Here are relatively more complete explanations of some recent ones. (Note: the violations listed here represent conditions at the time of the inspections, not those that diners will necessarily find now.)

SHUN LEE WEST

43 West 65th Street
Inspectors found fresh and old mouse excreta as well as boxes, furniture and "junk" stored in the basement, preventing inspection. On a second visit inspectors found stock stored on the floor, fresh and old mouse excreta on the floor and shelves and on the floor of the walk-in refrigerator, and peeling paint in the kitchen. 🐭

THE SOUTHERN FUNK CAFÉ

330 West 42nd Street
At the first inspection boxes of stock items were found stored directly on the floor and live flies were observed in the basement and the kitchen. The second time, inspectors found plates not protected from contamination, an ice cream scoop not kept in running water, a kitchen wall made of absorbent Sheetrock . . . and two dead mice under the front counter. 🐭 🐭 ➤

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



T. BROWN



P. JENNINGS



D.P. MOYNIHAN

CONDÉ NAST, the egregiously profitable magazine publisher, has always been known as a company that treats its employees patronizingly, if not well, making up for pathetic wages by providing morale-boosting fringe benefits—peppy Christmas-carol sings, free coffee each morning until 10:30 a.m., an African violet for each employee on his or her first anniversary with the company, personalized birthday cards (mailed to employees' homes, no less) every year. But now, it seems, a new perk has been added to the Condé Nast benefits package, a kind of workfare-cum-pension plan for employees' parents: top editors are now able to put their parents and in-laws on the company payroll. The first to hop aboard this gravy train has been, naturally, the pushy British husband-and-wife team of **TINA BROWN** (*Vanity Fair*) and Mr. Tina Brown, expense account champion **HARRY EVANS** (*Condé Nast's Traveler*). Brown's mother, onetime B-list gossip columnist **BETTINA HAMBLEY-BROWN**, has become a semiregular contributor to *Vanity Fair*. And among other masthead deadwood at the new *Traveler* is Brown's father, onetime B-movie producer **GEORGE H. BROWN**, listed as a foreign correspondent.

THE **GARY HART**(PENCE) MEMORIAL CHAMBER in the Georgetown home of **BOB WOODWARD** has a new tenant—*Washington Post* columnist **RICHARD COHEN**. (The third-floor room is, you will recall, the one Hart camped out in during one of his marital estrangements. It's also the room in which **CARL BERNSTEIN** wrote the first half of the biography of his parents, which is due out sometime this century.) In July, Cohen left his wife, **BARBARA**, around the same time ABC anchorman **PETER JENNINGS**'s wife, **KATI MARTON**, moved out on him. Within weeks Marton returned to Jennings. Cohen, refused reentry by his spouse, turned to Woodward. There are two theories about Marton's abrupt turnabout: (1) it would look better if she stayed near the children should divorce proceedings start; and (2) Cohen doesn't make enough money.

WE HAVE BEEN DELUGED, more or less, with requests to help begin a major **OLIVER NORTH** backlash. Okay; let the smearing begin. Once, before his misuse of the U.S. intelligence-gathering apparatus became public, North buttonholed Senate Intelligence Committee member **DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN** and declared cheerfully, "Senator Moynihan—I was one of your students at Harvard!" Trouble is, North, a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, never attended Harvard.

BY HELPING THE SHEPHERD, you're helping the sheep. That's what **JIM BAKKER** whispered into **JESSICA HAHN**'s ear for the duration of their very beautiful sexual encounter, according to an interview with Hahn in next month's *Playboy*. For the magazine's readers, it means that once their parents have left the house, they will be able to go, in their imaginations, where the Reverend Bakker has gone. Despite the widely publicized denials of Hahn and her lawyer, the interview will be illustrated with new photos of the almost-nude Hahn cavorting in the woods. Nobody has ever called Hahn cheap. The magazine is paying her at least \$500,000 and has, some sources say, thrown in a collection of game-show-style fringe benefits: a chauffeured car for a year and a trip to Europe. For weeks after *Playboy* had finished debriefing and photographing her, the secretary turned Jezebel inexplicably lingered on in Chicago, buying \$600 worth of slinky underwear at Victoria's Secret, and staying at the Drake Hotel at *Playboy*'s expense. She continued to hang around the *Playboy* offices, wearing black leather miniskirts and chain belts, trying to make friends and angling for a job as a secretary.

The *Playboy* Interview reveals important information about Jim Bakker's amazing stamina. Hahn also reveals that when **JOHN FLETCHER**, Bakker's sex-starved underling at PTL, was giving her his sweaty religion, he had his own white-trash love whisper, which went something like this: *When I'm through with you, you'll forget you ever had Jim Bakker.* ☺



THE SPY TRIP TIP: WITCH WAY, DEAR?

It looks like a hideous giant toad standing erect and wearing a policeman's cap, but, really, it's folk art, Long Island-style. Twelve months a year Winnie the Witch stands 33 feet tall over the David F. Wicks Farm and Garden stand in Saint James, New York; at Halloween she's joined

by 25-foot-tall Pumpkin Man and a companion "pumpkin" measuring 12 feet in diameter. David Wicks Jr., who built the witch ten years ago, dodged tough questions from SPY about why he'd impaled a child-size rag doll on the end of Winnie's 25-foot-long broom handle. "When you

create these things," he explained, "you put your mind in the focal point like a kid." No word on whether Wicks used a French fry as a model for Winnie's head. Besides being a source of community pride and, theoretically, fun for the whole family, the witch has become a landmark for

truckers, who routinely toot their horns as they ride by, day or night.

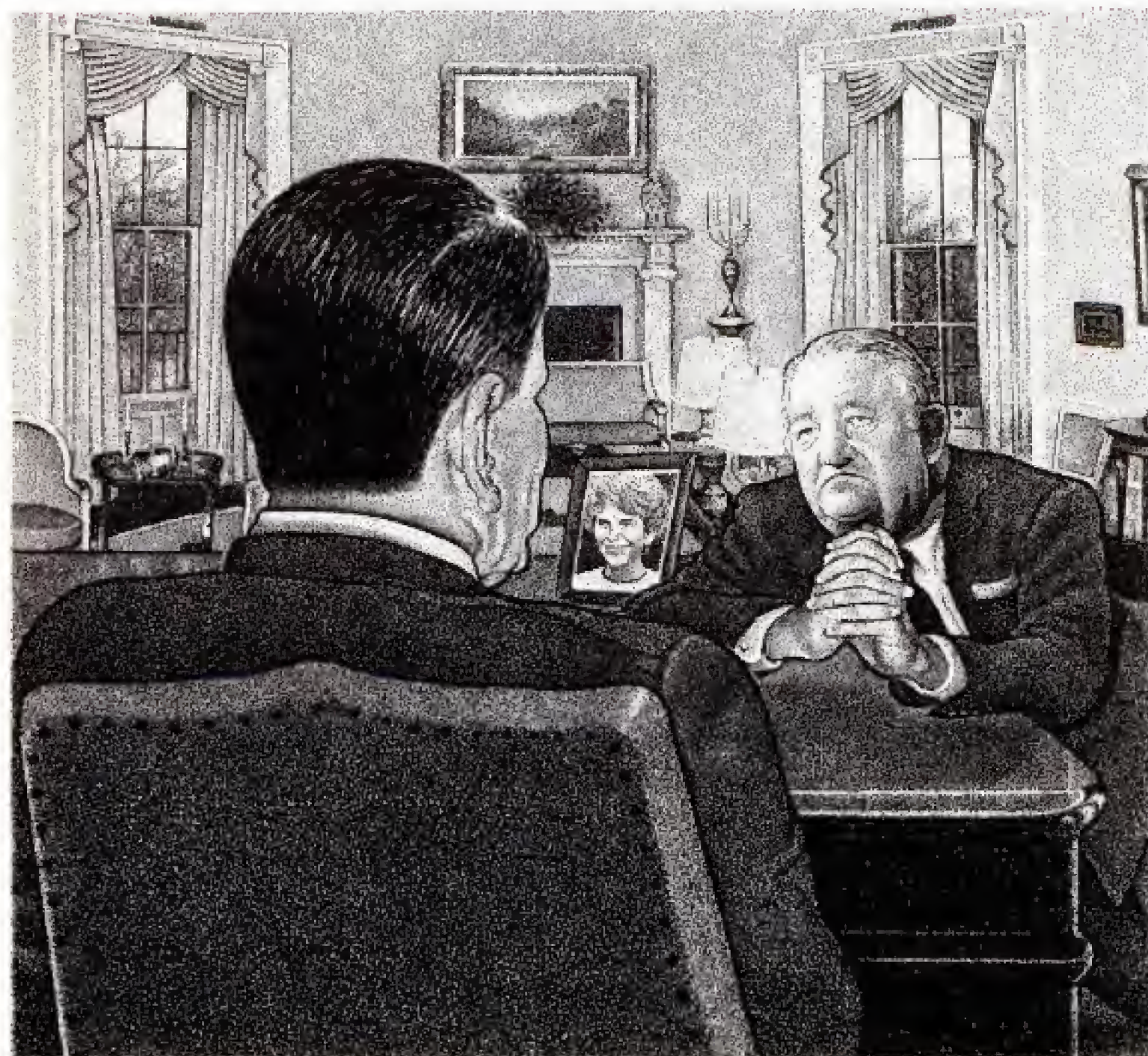
—Jack Barth

Take the Long Island Expressway east to Exit 56. Head north on Route 111, which will run into Route 25-A. Winnie is two miles down at No. 445, on the lefthand side.

SOME WORDS THAT JUST HAPPEN TO CONTAIN THE LETTERS *r-e-a-g-a-n*

Grenada	Manager	Carnage	Arraigned	Exaggerating
Flairance	Arrogance	Extravagant	Gastrointestinal	Exasperating
Patronage	Harangued	Margarine	Pageantry	Gubernatorial
Campaigner	Aggrandize	Armageddon	Masquerading	Septuagenarian
Embarrassing	Inaugurate	Charlemagne	Daydreaming	—Andy Aaron

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



U.S. Attorney General Ed Meese discusses his professional future with his boss.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

Mentioned
During August:

Joan Collins	6
Madonna	6
Me and My Girl	5
Sylvester Stallone	4
Elizabeth Taylor	4
Barbara Walters	4
Robert Mitchum	3
Frank Sinatra	3
The Nederlanders	2
Evel Knievel	1
La Cage aux Folles	1

Note: Liz Smith took a vacation in August and was briefly replaced by Harry Haun. Bear this in mind if you are perplexed by the low rank of La Cage aux Folles this month, and by the failure of Kathleen Turner or Iris Love to turn up on the Tote Board at all.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

COLUMBIA GRAMMAR & PREPARATORY SCHOOL CAFETERIA

5 West 93rd Street

Inspectors cited "potentially hazardous foods in counter-cold sandwich station (tuna and egg salad)," which were found to be cooled merely to 70 degrees, not the required 45 degrees. At the second inspection they found fresh and old mouse excreta in the storage room and under the employees' sink.

BOULEVARD

2398 Broadway

After the first inspection Boulevard apparently removed the materials that "cluttered" the rear room behind the men's bathroom; fixed the hole in the wall of the kitchen; got the litter off the dry-storage room cellar floor; and connected the culinary sink in the kitchen to the sewer. But the flies that were present the first time were still around on reinspection.

CALIBAN

360 Third Avenue

On the first visit valid permits were lacking and food was not adequately protected against contamination. On the second visit inspectors found that dishes weren't properly sanitized and that the six-burner gas stove wasn't properly vented to the outside.

OSCAR'S SALT OF THE SEA

1155 Third Avenue

No choking-prevention poster and no food protection certificate available on either inspection. Rat excreta were observed on the first visit, low dishwasher temperature on the second.

OSCAR'S SALT OF THE SEA 2

153 East 53rd Street

On the first visit inspectors found refrigerator handles, doors and gaskets encrusted with food, and thermometers inoperable. On the second inspection the reach-in refrigerators' thermometers were still broken, the gaskets were found in disrepair . . . and mouse excreta were observed.

PIZZA ON THE PIER

South Street Seaport, Pier 17

No permit.

OCTOBER DATEBOOK

*Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming*

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

BEAR STEARNS EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM

55 Water Street

Permits, certificates and such were missing at both inspections. Even worse: at the first inspection, "lobster [was] being prepared in a nonculinary sink."

O.K.

WOLF'S DELI

101 West 57th Street

At the first inspection, cold foods were not maintained at sufficiently cool (45 degrees F) temperatures—ham was at 52 degrees, turkey at 51 degrees—and there was "improper sanitation of dishes": the final rinse cycle of the dishwasher was 10 degrees too cool. At the second inspection turkey (still) and tuna salad were showing inclinations to grilling—52 degrees again; the basement floor had stagnant water; and the bread was a victim of inadequate food protection.

BOGIE'S

249 West 26th Street

At the first inspection the final-rinse water in the sink wasn't hot enough, and the interior walls and fan guard in the walk-in refrigerator were grease- and dust-laden. At the second there was no sanitizing solution for the dishes, glasses and utensils in the bar sink, and light bulbs in the kitchen refrigerator were not protected against breakage.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. 03152

Forrest Sawyer v. William Morris Agency, Inc. Around October 1982, while an anchorman at WAGA-TV in Atlanta, Sawyer signed a three-year contract with the William Morris Agency, retaining it to help "in procuring employment for the services of [Mr. Sawyer] in the broadcasting industries." In return, the agency would receive 10 percent of all moneys received. Sawyer's contract with WAGA was due to expire in 1983; he alleges that the agency failed to make a reasonable effort to secure him employment elsewhere prior to the expiration date, and that he was forced to negotiate his own contract when he re-signed with

1 SPY's first anniversary. Schools and government offices closed. Alternate-side-of-the-street parking regulations suspended.

9 "Ancient Eskimo Ivories of the Bering Strait" opens at the American Museum of Natural History. Harpoon heads and socket pieces, as well as scrapers, adzes, needle cases, snow goggles. Adzes. Adzes. An adz is a cutting tool used for shaping wood.

11 Harvest Festival; Jacques Marchais Center of Tibetan Art, Staten Island. Tibetan tea, Indian food and monks chatting—sorry, that's *chanting*—all day long. On Staten Island.

12 Columbus Day for regular people, Thanksgiving in Canada.

15 P. G. Wodehouse born, 1881. Tweedy devotees assemble in a secret location to toast the Master and throw bread.

15 With the professional hockey season already under way and the Knicks' preseason beginning tonight, with a game against the Nets at the Meadowlands, can the World Series be far off?

17 "The Face of Genius: Images of Eugene O'Neill" opens at the

Museum of the City of New York.

Photographs, drawings, caricatures, depression. And, we suspect, unsolicited colloquies by compulsive O'Neill promoters Arthur and Barbara Gelb.



18–20 The Plumbing Convention; at the Javits Center. A veritable Fixtures Summit, with 25,000 people expected from several countries—Mexico, Iran and the other acknowledged plumbing powers. Call the hot line at 1 (800) 533-PHCP. PHCP? Plumbing, beating,

cooling and pipe valve fitting, of course.

25 Daylight saving time ends.

26 Just before 5:00 p.m., approximately 2 million New Yorkers remark simultaneously on how *dark* it is outside. The Earth wobbles momentarily in its orbit.

26 At the 92nd Street Y's Poetry Center, George Plimpton will interview John Gregory Dunne (presumably without interruption on behalf of George Plimpton—endorsed microwave popcorn or George Plimpton—endorsed bagel slicers); then, just as the audience is reaching for its coats, Dunne and Joan Didion will read from their work.

27 "Movable and Pop-Up Books"; an exhibition at the

Cooper-Hewitt.

Whoops! Everybody please stand back.

Included is important nineteenth-century book designer Lothar Meggendorfer (first mention in SPY).

28 The Ladies Auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars salutes Lady Liberty; Liberty Island. We can't get enough, either. In fact, here's to next year and the 102nd.

31 Halloween. Squadrons of ersatz Ollie Norths march around the Village, to the delight of anyone who was able to claim a square inch of parade-route pavement on the 29th and hold it successfully. Second-most-popular costume? Gary Hart—suit, boots, inflatable party doll and detachable political career. ☺



"In order to dispel the unfortunate stereotype which has plagued our profession for so long, I have prepared several humorous anecdotes."

EXPLORE THE
SENSE OF *Rémy*



Exclusively fine champagne cognac.

into the dark library. I pushed the handle and the door swung open. Slowly I advanced into the gloom, and the tie he was, swinging his fists at me. I ducked and grabbed the tie. It was a tie I recognized, John Weitz, just like the tie Fiona had given to me. How strange.... But there was

Naked City

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

WAGA in March 1983. Sawyer paid commissions to the agency through 1983 and then sought to dissolve the contract in 1984. In July 1985 he joined CBS News as co-anchor of the CBS Morning News. The Morris agency is seeking commissions for the WAGA contract and the CBS contract. The Morris agency's contract with Sawyer stipulated that the dispute was to be settled by a negotiator from AFTRA, the broadcasters' union. Sawyer, on the advice of his attorney, Thomas Puccio, sought to overturn this provision, arguing that the contract itself was invalid. Sawyer and Puccio contended that because Georgia law stipulates that "employment agencies" be licensed, and because the Morris agency didn't have a Georgia license, the entire contract should be thrown out. Essentially, Sawyer sought protection under a law designed to stop the exploitation of ignorant laborers by fly-by-night agencies. The court disagreed with Sawyer's motion, and the case is being argued before a panel of the American Arbitration Association. A decision is expected shortly. ▶



Bill Cosby...



and Sri Lankan president J. R. Jayewardene?



Vanity Fair editor
Bob Colacello...



and Jerry Lewis?



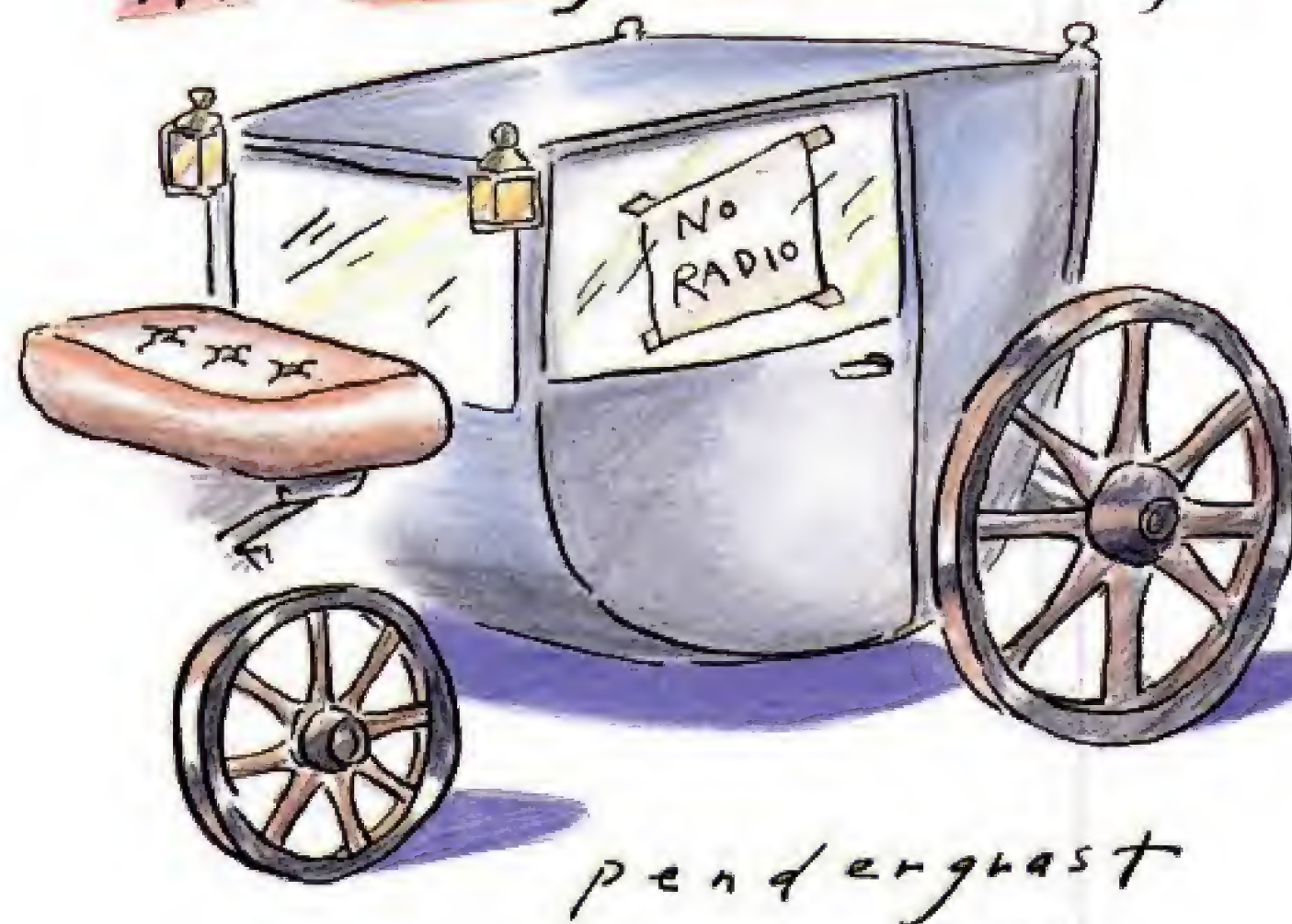
Jack Kemp...



and actor Clu Gulager?

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF NEW YORK, PART VII

An Early Visionary



Objects of affection
Objects of Desire

Everything has its Price



Amazing Objects
for Body and Soul.
A Small Price to pay.
Urban Outfitters.
Clothing
Housewares
No Waiting.

Boston
New York
Philadelphia
Washington

URBAN
OUTFITTERS

- 360 6th Avenue
- 628 Broadway

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

NO RADIO, NO CONSCIENCE

In New York, where parking is essentially an illegal activity, getting caught at it is nothing to be ashamed of—especially since parking laws sometimes seem to be enforced more aggressively than, say, laws against firing guns at people. For some, though, the sport doesn't end with merely breaking the parking laws, and the incomparable, giddy high that goes with it. Here is a selection of companies and individuals listed as of August by the Parking Violations Bureau as (it takes one to know one) scofflaws, along with the number of tickets they've ignored and the fines they owe the city:

OUTSTANDING FINES	
INFRACTIONS	
SCOFFLAW	
American Express 35	\$1,000
Atlantic Records ...7	\$125
David Boies3	\$150
Boston Properties* 2	\$100
Capital Cities/	
ABC43	\$1,825
CBS Inc.246	\$10,580
Chase Manhattan	
Bank39	\$1,710
Con Edison115	\$5,236
Jacques D'Amboise 2	\$90
Jerry	
Finkelstein** ..34	\$630
Home Box Office ..2	\$100
Loews Theatres ...13	\$465
Manhattan	
Cable TV189	\$7,300
Nabisco Brands ...73	\$2,700
NBC58	\$2,125
New Alliance	
Party1	\$50
New York Post18	\$820
The New York	
Times22	\$985
New York	
Yankees1	\$10
David Rockefeller .1	\$10
The Shubert	
Organization1	\$10
Barry Slotnick2	\$10
SPY0	0
Iphigene	
Sulzberger1	\$10

*The Boston Properties car is registered at the East Hampton address of the company's chairman, the tax-exempt Mortimer Zuckerman
 **Publisher of the *New York Sun* and father of City Council president Andrew Stein

SITUATION TRAGEDY

Between 1960 and 1972 millions of American television viewers enjoyed the antics of the Douglas family on *My Three Sons*. Fred MacMurray played Steve Douglas, a widower and the apparently devoted father of three boys. But over the years, it now seems clear, the specter of death continued to stalk the star-crossed Douglas clan—with no acknowledgment ever made by the preternaturally composed dad. Recent films such as *Blue Velvet* have exposed the maggots hiding beneath the rock of America's TV suburbia. In that context, those old *My Three Sons* episodes take on a disturbing aspect. Everywhere there are hints of foul goings-on just outside the eye of the camera, just beyond that invisible fourth wall.

Fred MacMurray rose to fame on the strength of motion pictures such as *Double Indemnity*—films noirs that explored the rictus behind the neighborly smile, the skull beneath the middle-class skin. Perhaps when MacMurray's advisers were choosing a TV vehicle for the fading movie star in the late 1950s, they deliberately picked a scenario with an underlying tension, a hint of muffled screams beneath the laugh track. Through its 12 seasons *My Three Sons* told the story of a suburban family whose members disappeared with alarming regularity. Steve Douglas's stated alibis for his vanishing family made little sense, should certainly have piqued the interest of local police, and may help explain why the Douglas family abruptly quit "Bryant Park" for North Hollywood at the start of the 1966–67 season.

An examination of the evidence suggests that Steve Douglas was a murderer who eliminated members of his family as they became conscious of his misdeeds. By the time the series left the air, only Chip, the youngest and stupidest of the original three sons, was left to witness Dad's death spree.

THE DISAPPEARED OF MY THREE SONS

(1) **MRS. STEVE DOUGLAS.** When we first meet the family, in 1960, Steve Douglas is a putative widower raising sons Mike, Robbie and Chip with the help of an old man named Bub, allegedly the boys' maternal grandfather. Although Chip is hardly more than a toddler, no mention is ever made of the

late Mrs. Douglas, beyond the fact that her untimely death leaves her husband free to date.

(2) **BUB.** In 1964 the jolly grandfather, perhaps beginning to suspect that his daughter's death several years earlier was no accident, suddenly disappears. Dad tells the boys that Bub has gone to "visit his mother in Ireland" and will be back soon. It seems dubious that Bub, a man in his seventies, could have a living mother, but the trusting sons fall for it. In that same episode a mysterious seaman arrives at the Douglas home. Dad convinces the boys this rough character is their "Uncle Charley," who will stick around to help out until Bub comes home. Eight years later, Bub has not returned.

(3) **MIKE.** Eventually the eldest son reaches an age at which he might begin to question his father. Thus, a year after Bub vanishes, Mike disappears. First Dad tells Robbie and Chip that Mike has gone on a honeymoon—and then he announces that Mike has "moved east." Mike never returns.

(4 & 5) **ERNIE'S PARENTS.** Down one son, Steve Douglas begins to take a special interest in Chip's little pal Ernie, who has been hanging around the Douglas home for a couple of seasons. When Ernie is orphaned, Steve generously offers to adopt the little boy. No mention is ever made of how Ernie's parents met their premature death, but it is not long after this that the Douglas clan flees their midwestern home for California. (An even more bizarre note: though it had been established that Chip and Ernie were in the same grammar school class, once Ernie becomes the new third son, Dad claims Ernie is younger than Chip and forces Ernie to go back several grades at his new school.)

(6) **ROBBIE.** In California, Robbie marries a college friend and promptly seeds her with triplets. Robbie, still a teenager, cannot afford to provide for his spawn. Dad invites Robbie, Katie and the triplets to live under his roof. Two years later, Robbie is gone—though the pretty Katie continues to live with her missing husband's father. Visitors are told that Robbie is "away on a business trip"—though when the series leaves the air, Robbie is still gone.

We can only wonder how long it was after the series ended its run that lunkhead Chip or ditz Ernie finally asked Dad one question too many and joined Mom, Bub, Mike and Robbie on the long vacation "to visit Bub's mother" "on business" "back east."

—Bill Flanagan





GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue New York, New York 10021 (212) 988-9191

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

MALPRACTICE MAKES IMPERFECT

A second installment of our survey of malpractice cases. These were filed against St. Vincent's Hospital in Greenwich Village.

Plaintiff Elizabeth R., then age 30, went into St. Vincent's complaining of nausea, vomiting, diarrhea and pain in her abdomen. She received an appendectomy. She says that it turned out she hadn't had appendicitis, and that the hospital had removed a healthy organ. . . . Plaintiff Jose C. alleges that a Dr. Grad, aiming to repair an injury to his left hand, performed a surgical procedure on the extensor tendon of Mr. C.'s left thumb, caused him pain and permanent disfigurement, and that the resulting conditions "have severely been aggravated, accelerated and exacerbated and have been made permanent and perpetual for the rest of his life." . . . A different Jose C. alleges that in the course of an operation on his leg he sustained severe burns when his upper right arm and shoulder came into contact with hot IV bags. . . . Plaintiff Mrs. Rae C. entered St. Vincent's complaining of headaches and exhibiting other symptoms that could have indicated a variety of illnesses, including a brain tumor. Plaintiff alleges that doctors failed to take "indicated radiologic studies including CAT scans," and that at the time, the CAT scan facilities were unavailable and/or broken. She further alleges that doctors then "proceeded blindly" without the results of these studies and "incorrectly diagnosed (or misdiagnosed)" a form of neuralgia and performed a surgical procedure to relieve a nonexistent condition. It turned out that Mrs. C. indeed had a brain tumor, which, it is charged, was permitted to grow and spread unchecked, causing the plaintiff to suffer, among many other things, "chronic intractable pain and discomfort (and) fear of death and impending doom." . . . St. Vincent's is also being sued by Dr. Stanley Giannelli Jr., who served as the hospital's chief of cardiac surgery between 1963 and 1978 and continued as a member of the medical staff of the hospital after that. Dr. Giannelli is arguing ▶

W e've heard of BUZZWORDS OF THE STARS

high-concept books and high-concept plays and high-concept television shows and high-concept record albums and high-concept paintings and high-concept advertising campaigns and, of course, high-concept motion pictures. This is a high-concept magazine article. Why? Because it can be satisfactorily described in a single, simple sentence. Here it is: *Ask people who work in the glamour businesses that invented high concept to define high concept.*

"A movie where there's more to it than meets the eye. And the ear. There's a conceptual imagery behind it, so that it can mean different things to different people—one second, please." A pause. "*Platoon* is a high-concept movie. And *It's a Wonderful Life*."

—Richard Roffman, talent agent

"Let me give this to you straight, darling. You ready? Okay. Here we go. 'You have to be really high to understand high concept—' dash, dash—'it isn't understood by the author,' comma, 'the producer or the audience,' comma, 'but it is a box office bonanza.' Let me give you one of my favorite quotes from William Shakespeare. It's a quote that's very apropos to 'high concept': 'It's'—apostrophe, s—'an idiot's tale,' dash, 'told by an idiot,' dash, 'full of sound and fury,' dash, 'and signifying nothing.' That's from *The Tempest* [sic]. High concept is beyond trendy."

—Joe Franklin, talk show host

"I would say that it is something a little more intelligent than the mainstream feature movies. *A Room With a View* is high concept. *Spaceballs* is not."

—Patricia O'Donnell, supervisor of the UCLA Media Library

"Hold on, let me ask my boss." Long pause. "A lofty concept. *Lofty*'s a pretty good word. . . . You made me feel like an illiterate when you asked me and I didn't know, but I asked two other people, including the vice president of talent, and they didn't know either, so . . . the best we could come up with is that it's a movie with high concepts."

—Jim, receptionist, Warner Bros.

Naked City

"Something that would be obscure, maybe something futuristic . . . um . . . something that would imagine things in the future. Also, something that would use little subliminal things that would bring those ideas to the surface. Something like *Brazil*, or *Metropolis*."

—assistant manager, upper Broadway Tower Video

"Mary is very busy right now, and she really doesn't have time to comment on anything that doesn't have to do with art."

—spokesman, Mary Boone Gallery

"Futuristic. Innovative. Interesting."

—receptionist, Siskel & Ebert & the Movies

"To me, it just means another pleasant evening at home in front of the TV set."

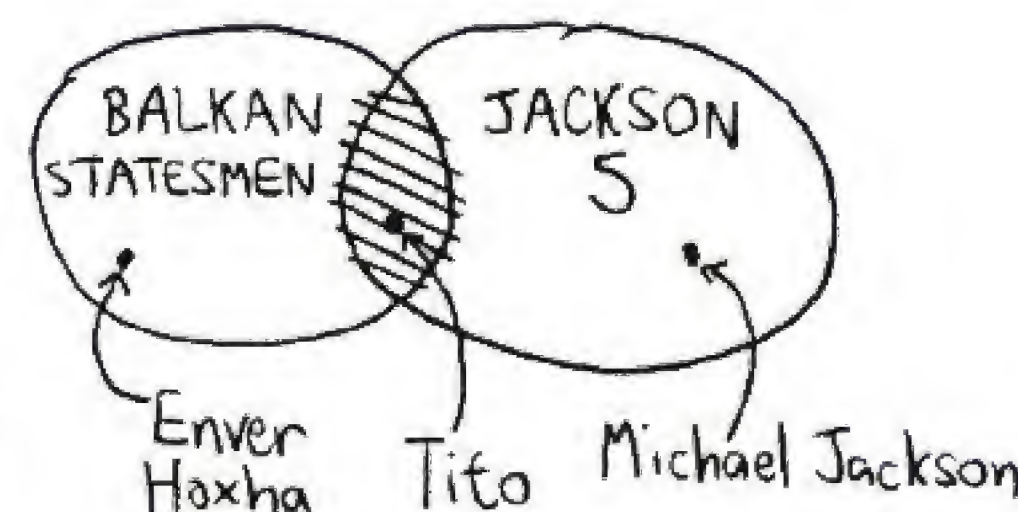
—Jay Presson Allen, producer and screenwriter

"One bristles at the thought of it these days. One reason you don't hear it anymore is that the whole notion has become outmoded. I mean, I *hope* that's true. Don't you? We'd all be better off without it. It's a phrase that originated at Paramount. . . . We tend not to use it."

—Larry Mark, executive, Twentieth Century-Fox

Reported by Rachel Urquhart

SETS & SUBSETS (No. 2 in a series)



—Robert Hutter

FERRY RIDES & FOGHORNS, TANKERS & TUGS & THE SKYLINE & THE STATUE

Like a quarter-mile-high crow's nest, The Deck at the World Trade Center is a terrific beginning for your New York harbor experience. Way down below, one very beautiful Lady stands watch while fireboats & tugs & tankers & other craft flying flags from around the world steam into Upper New York Bay & berths in Red Hook, Port Newark & points north. The busiest harbor in the world, it's as thrilling a port as it ever was back when clippers sailed like seaborne clouds through the Narrows. Step onto our Rooftop Promenade and feel the gusty wind that once puffed their sails.

Back to earth again (58 seconds flat in our speedy elevators) you can stroll along Broadway to Battery Park where the breezes smell of salt & gulls cry. Chug out to sea aboard a giant Staten Island ferry. Set sail from South Street Seaport on the

sidewheeler Andrew Fletcher. Or help hoist the jibs on the schooner Pioneer.

Sip a steaming shrimp chowder at the Vista Hotel's Tall Ships Bar, mahogany-paneled like the inside of a 19th-century captain's cabin. Linger over sea fare & butcher cuts of meat at the Market Restaurant on the WTC Concourse. At midnight, amble over to Fulton Street to watch the Fish Market begin its day. And end your own with grog & a star-spangled view at the City Lights Bar (atop 1 WTC at Windows on the World). And if this day puts the sea in your blood, come see us again—soon & often.

The Deck: 2 WTC. 9:30-9:30 daily. \$2.95 for adults & \$1.50 for kids & senior citizens. Phone 212/466-7377 for Observation Deck details; 212/466-4170 for WTC special events, information & brochures.



THE NEW YORK HARBOR SPECTACLE BEGINS AT THE WORLD TRADE CENTER

THE PORT AUTHORITY OF NY & NJ



THE NEW YORK POST IN A NUTSHELL

A Monthly SPY Service Feature

I WAS IMPOTENT, I CHOKED HER. With this elegant headline, as profound as a math formula, the *Post* set the tone for another 31 days of gosh-wow hysteria. And what a month it was! Early on, a headline writer attempted to introduce PUMPKINHEAD HULK as an exciting new euphemism for the traditional MANIAC. One person was attacked by a camel, two by sharks, and a matador by fans who considered him a coward—all in one day.

—Adam-Troy Castro

THE STORIES and their symbols

- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| 👁️ SENSELESS TRAGEDIES | 💀 DEAD CELEBRITIES |
| 🦠 AIDS | 👤 OLLIE NORTH |
| 🇳🇦 NAZIS | 😬 MANIACS |
| 📧 EMBARRASSING ADULTERY (BY OTHER THAN EVANGELIST) | 👤 BESS (MYERSON) MESS |
| ✝️ CRAZED EVANGELISTS | 👤 MAFIA |
| 🏠 RACISTS | 👤 DIRTY REDS |
| ★ CELEBRITIES | 🍰 CHEESECAKE |
| | 🐂 PIT BULLS |
| | 🐾 MISC. ANIMALS |
| | 🏆 HEROISM |

JULY

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F
FRONT-PAGE HEADLINE	🦠	👤	👤	👤		🏠		👤	👤	👤	👤		👤	★	👤	👤	🏠	👤		👤	👤	👤	★		★		👤	👤			
FRONT-PAGE BLURB	★		👤	👤		🍰	👤	👤	👤				★	👤	★					👤	👤	👤	👤	★			👤	★	👤		
BIG STORY	👤	🏠	👤	👤		👤	🏠		👤	👤	🏆		👤	👤	👤	👤	★	👤		👤	👤	👤	👤	👤	👤		👤	👤	★	👤	👤
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MAINLY CONFINED TO READERS' LETTERS	✝️	👤		👤		👤	👤	👤	👤	🏠			👤	👤	👤	👤	👤	👤		👤	👤	👤	👤	👤	👤		👤	👤	👤	👤	👤

SPY'S WORLD OF TOMORROW —TODAY

Writing Sensational Headlines the Post-O-Matic Way

Journalism is all about compression of ideas and language, the *New York Post* even more so, and *Post* headlines most of all. Front-page *Post* headlines often have the density and beauty of a hellish urban haiku.

Just what gives *Post* headlines their special quality? SPY determined to find out. A

computer-assisted analysis of the last full year's front-page headlines (average length: 4.1 words) revealed that the *Post* editors' ten favorite words and phrases (not counting prepositions, pronouns and conjunctions) are, in descending order of frequency: *cop*, *kill*, *judge*, *Wall Street*, *death*, *no*, *slay*, *U.S.*, *Soviet* and *court*.

Here's the best part: in the course of our research we stumbled upon a simple formula that will, for the first time, enable ordinary laypeople to predict the headlines of tomorrow's

afternoon tabloid.

It's easy. It's fun. And with our new *Post-O-Matic* system, you can do it at home. As soon as a story breaks, just pick one relevant word or phrase from each of the five columns

shown below. For example, if you were to hear that Carl Icahn had been indicted for securities fraud, you might choose WALL STREET BIG FACES STOX \$CANDAL. Or say Warren Burger insults Dr.

Ruth: EX-JUDGE ZAPS SEX DOC. In no time at all, you'll be writing headlines just like the pros—with enough possible combinations (62,208) to be able to keep it up for the next 199 years. —Andy Aaron

1	2	3	4	5
WALL STREET SOVIET MYSTERY LOVE EX- TOP AMAZIN' IRANSCAM DEAD	KILLER MOM BIG COURT CHIEF PREZ COP JUDGE PREPPY	ZAPS FACES SLAYS OK'S HITS RAPS KILLS QUIZZES SHOOTS BUSTS ROCKS QUITS	METS DRUG CIA STOX GUN SEX TEEN ARMS	VICTIM SECRET DOC \$CANDAL BOMBSHELL SUICIDE SPY HOSTAGE

SOUTH OF THE BORDER DOWN MANHATTAN WAY.



"...The stylish new Cinco de Mayo is worth noting as an ambitious and serious spot..."

Bryan Miller, New York Times—April 10, 1987

"...Mostly delicious exotica at reasonable tariffs... The house's burrito is a jalapeño tortilla lovingly browned, especially seductive, filled with black beans and that homemade sausage or good charred chicken..."

Gael Greene, New York Magazine—March 9, 1987

CINCO-DE-MAYO

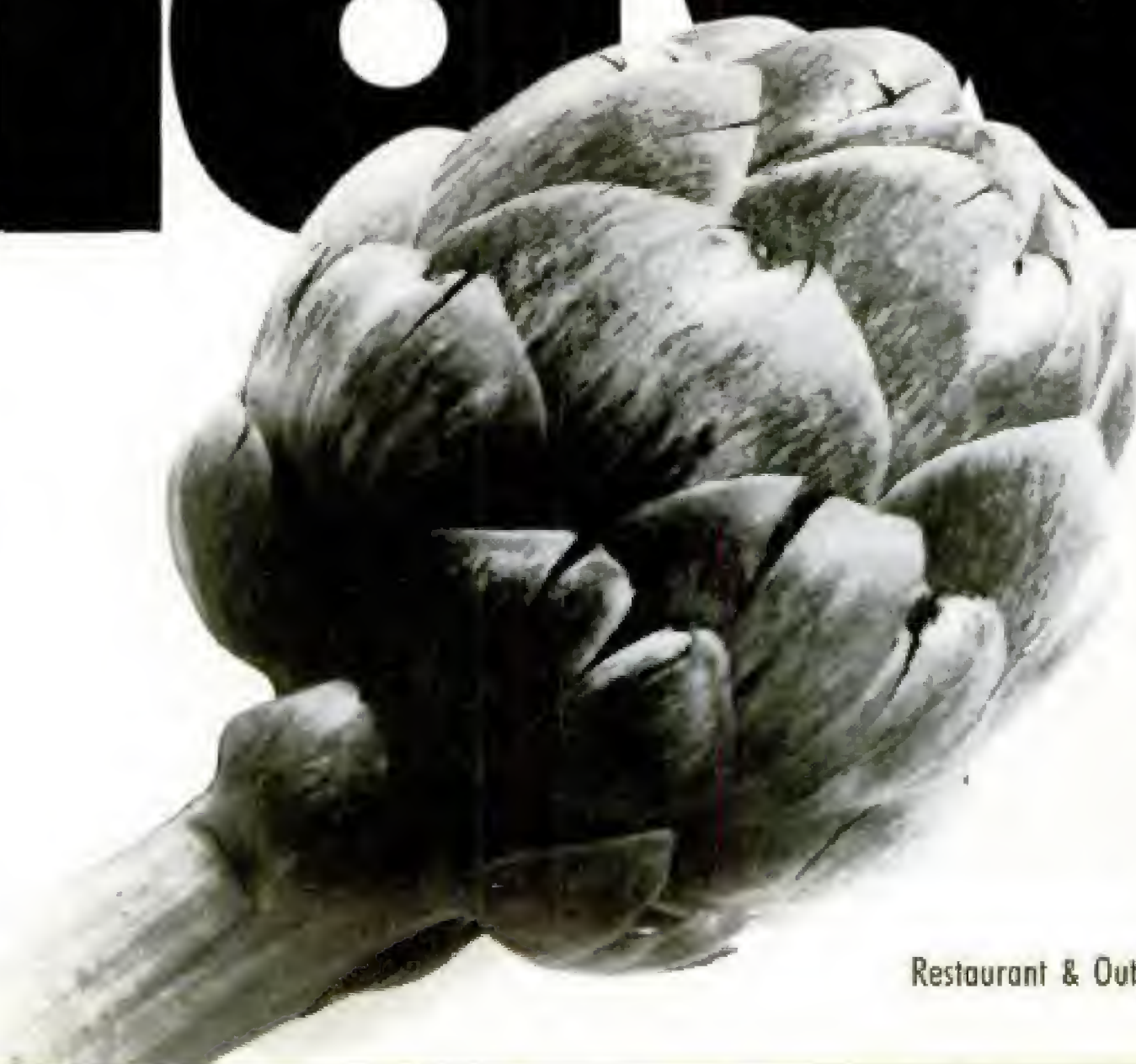
45 Tudor City Place • New York, 10017
661-5070

Free parking after 5:00 PM

When in Soho visit our original location—
349 West Broadway Between Broome & Grand Streets
226-5255

claws

Still attached.
Lobster grilled with
melted cayenne
butter and lime butter.
Lunchtime? Go fish!



CAROLINES
At the Seaport

Restaurant & Outdoor Café, Pier 17, 233-4900

THEY, THE PEOPLE

Dirtball Heroes of the Constitution

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

that he did not receive due process in challenging St. Vincent's suspension, "in the interest of patient welfare and safety," of his privileges to operate on coronary arteries and heart valves.

LITERARY LION

Ralph Kiner, the malapropian Hall of Famer who announces Mets games, has a postgame show on Channel 9 called *Kiner's Korner*. The set resembles a book-lined den—a little like Alistair Cooke's digs on *Masterpiece Theatre*, only more athletic. No bronze bust—but a bronzed mirt. No period chair—instead, stools for Kiner and the game's sweaty hero. But both places have books. Here are some of the volumes in the Kiner library:

Intimacy: Sensitivity, Sex, and the Art of Love, by Gina Allen and Clement S. Martin, M.D.

The Secret Life of Plants, by Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird

The Case for Reappraisal of U.S. Overseas Information Policy and Programs, by Edward L. Bernays and Burnet Hershby

The Discovery of Love: A Psychological Experiment with LSD, by Malden Grange Bishop

Political Money, by David Adamany and George Agree

How to Get Profitable Ideas, by John D. York

Sex and Sanity, by Melvin Ansell, M.D.

Paradox: Trudeau as Prime Minister, by Anthony Westell

The Mackenzie King Record, Volume 4, 1947-48, by J. W. Pickersgill and D. E. Forster

Ward 7, by Valery Tarsis

The Delicate Darling, by Jack Webb

A Dog of Flanders, by Onida

Consumers All: The Yearbook of Agriculture 1965, by the United States Department of Agriculture ▶

A SPECIAL SPY COMMEMORATIVE BICENTENNIAL COLLECTOR'S SOUVENIR KEEPSAKE CELEBRATING THE UNSUNG HEROES AND HEROINES OF THE CONSTITUTION

★ ★ ★

They, the people, have been informing us to death during this celebratory year that the Constitution was written by wise, heroic Founding Fathers and has been protected by wise, heroic Supreme Court justices. But to be expounded upon, the Constitution needs *cases*, and the most interesting cases require *criminals*. So let us consider in this patriotic season the unsung, unwise heroes: those criminals whose foul deeds provided the pretexts for the test cases that led to the establishment of the rights that make America the bastion of personal freedom we're glad it is. Let's take a moment to remember our rights . . . and the thugs, sociopaths and cretins who helped lock those rights into law.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. *Miranda v. State of Arizona*, 86 S. Ct. 1602 (1966). In 1963 Ernesto Miranda kidnapped and raped an 18-year-old theater attendant in Phoenix (and gave her a



ride to her neighborhood afterward). Miranda was arrested, was not told he could remain silent—and didn't. The police said his confession was voluntary—made, supposedly in Miranda's words, "with full knowledge of my legal rights, understanding any statement I make may be used against me." Oddly, the rest of his confession reads somewhat less fluidly ("Seen a girl walking up street stopped a little ahead of her got out of car walked towards her grabbed her by the arm and asked her to get in the car"). On appeal, the Court found that Miranda should have been told of his right to an attorney and to remain silent in one's absence.

IF YOU CANNOT AFFORD AN ATTORNEY, ONE WILL BE PROVIDED FOR YOU. *Gideon v. Wainwright*, 83 S. Ct. 792 (1963). This right was established by Clarence Earl Gideon, a drifter convicted of breaking into a poolroom, which is a felony in Florida. Gideon had asked, reasonably, to be provided an attorney but was denied. He petitioned the Supreme Court himself, and the Court found in his favor and released him—and, happily, thousands of other criminals who hadn't been provided with lawyers. Everyone rested easier because of this.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT NOT TO BE CONVICTED WITH EVIDENCE OBTAINED IN AN ILLEGAL SEARCH. *Mapp v. Ohio*, 81 S. Ct. 1684 (1961). In 1957 Cleveland

police visited the home of Dollree Mapp, purportedly because she was hiding a



bombing suspect along with a large amount of gambling paraphernalia. They had no warrant, and Mapp refused them entrance. Spunky and resourceful, they returned and broke in. Although a search of the house turned up neither explosive-device buffs nor betting slips, the police did find pornographic books and pictures, for which Mapp was tried and convicted. But because the search was in violation of the Constitution, the Court overturned her conviction, leading to a tightening of warrant rules.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO A CHANGE OF VENUE. *Rideau v. State of Louisiana*, 83 S. Ct. 1417 (1963). In 1961 police in Calcasieu Parish, Louisiana, accused Wilbert Rideau of robbing a bank, kidnapping three employees and killing one of them. In a filmed "interview" with the sheriff, Rideau confessed to all the charges. The interview was broadcast on TV for three days running. Understandably concerned, Rideau's lawyers filed a motion for a change of venue, but it was denied. The jury in the case included three people who'd seen the interview on TV, as well as two deputy sheriffs from Calcasieu Parish. Rideau was convicted and sentenced to death, but the Court agreed with him that this was not entirely fair.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO BE A GANGSTER. *Lanzetta v. State of New Jersey*, 59 S. Ct. 618 (1939). In 1934 New Jersey made it illegal to be a gangster, which is what you were deemed if (a) you didn't have a job



and (b) you hung out with people who'd been convicted of crimes. The state then convicted Ignatius Lanzetta, Michael Falcone and Louie Del Rossi (all of whom fulfilled the above requirements) of gangsterism. The Court reversed the decision, declaring

this law repugnant and vague, and pretty much said you *could* be a gangster as long as you didn't break any laws. The state of New Jersey, feeling piqued and cranky after this rebuff, lost all interest in prosecuting organized crime.

Naked City

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO A DIGNIFIED TRIAL... *Estes v. State of Texas*, 85 S. Ct. 1628 (1965). In 1962, when LBJ's buddy Billie Sol Estes was tried for swindling a farmer out of his property, the trial became a nationally televised circus. Estes appealed his conviction, and the Court agreed that the intense publicity *had* prejudiced the case.

... EVEN IF YOU'RE THE ONE ACTING UNDIGNIFIED. *Illinois v. Allen*, 90 S. Ct. 1057 (1970). While standing trial for armed robbery, William Allen began disrupting the proceedings, arguing with the judge "in a most abusive and disrespectful manner" and loosely threatening his life. The judge had Allen removed from the courtroom (he returned only for his defense). Allen was convicted, but the Court later ruled that the judge's orders had deprived Allen of his right to be confronted with his accusers.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE EXECUTED, YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW THAT YOU'VE DEFINITELY EARNED IT. *Godfrey v. Georgia*, 100 S. Ct. 1759 (1980). Georgia permitted the death penalty in cases in which the crimes were "outrageously or wantonly vile, horrible or inhuman." In 1977 Robert Franklin Godfrey's wife of 28 years left him. Distraught, Godfrey shot her and her mother to death. He confessed, was convicted and was sentenced to death, the court having found that his crimes scored high in all major categories. Godfrey objected and the Supreme Court agreed, saying that he wasn't "materially more 'depraved'" than other murderers. The Court noted in Godfrey's favor that the victims, after all, had died instantly, that they had been causing him extreme emotional trauma, that *torture had not been involved* and that there was really no way to distinguish this murder from a murder for which the death penalty *wouldn't* be imposed. In other words, the state had been killing people capriciously, and would've kept it up had Godfrey not gallantly plugged the missus. —*Jamie Malanowski*

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

The Bearded Lady, by *Richard Atcheson* (two copies)

Toward a Radical Middle, by *Renata Adler*

Social and Health Agencies of New York City, 1975-6

Being and Doing, by *Maurice Raskin* (three copies)

I Never Met a House Plant I Didn't Like, by *Jerry Baker*

Benjamin Grabbed His Glicker and Ran: An Autobiography, by *Fred Gordon*

Environmental Steel, by the *Council on Economic Priorities*

Total Man, by *Stan Gooch*

Is My Baby All Right?: A Guide to Birth Defects, by *Virginia Appax, M.D., and Joan Beck* 3

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THE WASHINGTON, D.C., ROLL CALL PRESIDENTIAL LINE

Call us naive, but we believe in this political system and don't share some people's cynicism, thank you very much, concerning elected officials. We believe that a presidential election is not a tawdry, whizbang sweepstakes, but a forum of ideas. So we turned to *Roll Call*—a Washington publication staffed by people who understand how the electoral college works — and asked them to supply a monthly assessment of the candidates' chances of winning their party's nomination. For those whose daily routine does not involve donning a windbreaker and porkpie and visiting OTB, odds work like this: 4 to 1, for example, means a candidate is deemed to have one chance in five of winning. (Odds of 80 to 1 call to mind campaign offices that are either eerily subdued or eerily busy.) ☹

	CANDIDATE	ODDS THIS MONTH	ODDS LAST MONTH	RANK LAST MONTH	COMMENTS	SYMBOLS
Republicans	1 Bush	2 : 1	3 : 1	2	The Big Mo of inertia	\$ ☹
	2 Dole	5 : 2	2 : 1	1	Missed chance for summer KO	☹
	3 Baker	15 : 1	18 : 1	6	No. 3 in a two-man race	
	4 Du Pont	18 : 1	15 : 1	3		\$
	5 Kemp	18 : 1	18 : 1	5	Needs a long bomb now	☹ ☹
	6 Brock	50 : 1	—	—	Longer résumé than Bush	
	7 Shultz	100 : 1	50 : 1	7	Needs a crisis	☹
	8 Robertson	100 : 1	100 : 1	8	Needs a miracle	
	9 Haig	100 : 1	100 : 1	9	Needs a coup	?
Democrats	1 Dukakis	5 : 1	5 : 1	1	First by default	\$ ☹
	2 Gephardt	6 : 1	6 : 1	2	Second by default	☹ ☹
	3 Simon	6 : 1	8 : 1	3		☹ ☹
	4 Gore	8 : 1	8 : 1	4	Mr. Goodbar	\$ ☹
	5 Biden	15 : 1	12 : 1	5	Less than meets the eye	☹ ?
	6 Babbitt	15 : 1	15 : 1	6	Zzzzzzz	
	7 Bradley	18 : 1	18 : 1	7	Only shot: 3-pointer at the buzzer	
	8 Nunn	20 : 1	20 : 1	8		
	9 Jackson	30 : 1	25 : 1	9	Lots of motion, no movement	?
	10 Cuomo	30 : 1	30 : 1	10	Still the deadlock breaker	?
	11 Schroeder	40 : 1	60 : 1	11	Snow White to the Seven Dwarfs?	☹
	12 Kennedy	80 : 1	80 : 1	12	Still Teddy after all these years	\$?
	13 Hart	80 : 1	99 : 1	13	We said not to count him out	?

SYMBOLS

☹ getting good press ☹ getting bad press ☹ showing organizational strength
\$ showing fundraising strength ☹ moving up quickly ☹ moving down quickly ? personality questions

close up

Proposed Movie
of the Month

8 PM **SP7**

THE FREEWAY KILLERS

When motorists in southern California start getting picked off at random by mysterious snipers with high-powered rifles, the rampage threatens the very foundation of Los Angeles's car culture. In this special, memorable TV event, the reunited stars of *Adam-12* and *CHiPs* join forces to bring the killers to justice and restore peace to the highways. Officer Frank "Ponch" Poncherello: Erik Estrada. Officer Pete Malloy: Martin Milner. Officer Jon Baker: Larry Wilcox. Officer Jim Reed: Kent McCord. Special guest star: Andy Robinson as one of the snipers. (3 hrs.)



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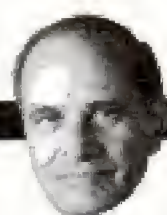
by Serge Mouille at Delorenzo 1950.

Naked City

THE TIMES



Max



Punch



Abe



THE DEPARTURE of the gifted William E. Geist for the CBS News show *Sunday Morning* is but the most noticeable example of a condition

that has become epidemic in recent months—the exodus from the *Times* of an alarming number of starry young reporters. Geist's dreary going-away party in August was held in the basement of a fly-specked Mexican restaurant on West 44th Street (such a generous, *classy* paper, the *Times*) and served as a de facto wake for three other of the paper's promising young buds, nipped by the paper's harsh, unyielding climate. The reporters are all in their late twenties or early thirties, and each has his reason (or pretext, at least) for getting out: Samuel G. Freedman—once the paper's theater beat reporter, more recently very good on the Metro desk—left to write a book about a public school teacher on the Lower East Side; Stuart Diamond, an investigative reporter who had been hired away from *Newsday*, left to enrich himself at Harvard Law School; and Robert Boorstin left to work on Michael Dukakis's campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination.

They join an ever-growing roster of fresh young *Times* alumni with sudden, pressing commitments elsewhere. *Anyplace elsewhere*. In recent months the refugees included six-foot-tall Crystal Nix, also at Harvard Law School (in this era of successful discrimination suits by minority newspaper reporters, the *Times* never should have let her go—she is black and, because of her size, so *noticeable*); William Greer, to medical school; and the dread Esther B. Fein, who departed for Moscow to be with her fiancé, *The Washington Post's* David Remnick. Others who joined the

stampede out the door recently include John Crudele, who now writes the business column for *New York*; Phil Gailey, who left the Washington bureau of the *Times* to head up the Washington bureau of the *St. Petersburg Times*; Michael Norman, who left Metro to write a book; and Martin Gottlieb, who became editor of *The Village Voice*. Frank Rich had almost hailed a taxi uptown to *Time* magazine when editors at the paper offered him more money and promised to cut his work load.

Departures from the *Times* are always sugarcoated by the aspiring alumni: he just wanted to make a switch, or there is this book she's been wanting to write. Rarely does the truth emerge—that whatever their future, *they just wanted out*. The *Times's* overwhelming influence in the fields into which the refugees intend to move—book writing, politics, the theater, non-*Times* journalism—ensures that no unkind words are ever directed at the former employer.

The point here is that in order to stop the vast letting of the *Times's* freshest young blood, executive editor Max Frankel needs to move fast. The de-Stalinization process has yet to filter through the huge bureaucracy of the *Times* to the beat reporters, who are still treated as interchangeable chattel. The younger, more talented and ambitious of these are just not willing to serve the humiliating, medieval apprenticeships that gelded their superiors at the paper. The Metro section has been hardest hit: shy at least 15 reporters, the offices are experiencing the clammy, twitching paralysis that precedes death.

Suffering the whims of bad editors at the paper is an indignity shared by journeymen and stars alike. Geist's proposed serialized work of fiction satirizing yuppies that was to have run in the *Times Mag-*

azine was ditched unceremoniously soon after Frankel's arrival last year. When Geist kicked up his heels a bit by talking about writing a novel and becoming an overpaid reporter for *Sunday Morning*, Frankel broke down and offered him the moon and the stars in *Times* currency: a higher salary (at the *Times*, that can mean all of an extra \$2,500 a year) and Russell Baker's column—when Baker retires. *In ten years or so*. The offer illuminates another major problem for the young talents at the paper. The *Times* thinks in terms of grinding *decades*, and the generation of reporters slipping through its fingers thinks in years, even months. As recently as ten years ago, well-regarded young *Times* reporters such as Geist or Freedman would never have left the manor in such numbers. It really is remarkable evidence of a generational shift in attitude, just the kind of phenomenon the *Times Magazine*—your desk cleared out yet, Mr. Klein?—could turn into tedious cover-story fodder.

Frankel wants one out of every two new employees hired to be a minority group member, and filling all the empty positions at the paper has been slow, if slightly desperate. Eat lunch near the *Times* building and chances are you'll find one of the paper's editors spilling pasta on his tie across the table from some startled Hispanic journalism school graduate.

AS YOU KNOW, bum-kissing toadies at the *Times* are about as thick as autumn leaves, and some are even thicker. In the coming months let's, just for amusement's sake, take a good, hard look at two of the thickest. I'm referring, of course, to dodo culture editor Bill Honan and his loathsome boss, managing editor Arthur Gelb. Here's looking at you, kids.

—J. J. Hunsecker



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THE SPY

OUR ANNUAL CENSUS OF THE MOST ANNOYING, ALARMING AND APPALLING PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS

1



Above, some of this year's honorees: the bad comedian (No. 46), the Queens-born casino operator (No. 3), the author-mayor-glutton (No. 20), the formerly good comedian (No. 43), the nightclub hostess (No. 67), the statesman (No. 45), the dwarf billionaire (No. 34), the TV embarrassment (No. 32) and the Monkey Business crew member (No. 25)

We are proud to present the 1987 edition of THE SPY 100. As self-appointed critics-at-large, we feel an obligation, once a year, to make our case—or 100 cases—in a fair, thorough, objective, informative, very promotable package.

THE SPY 100 is our annual catalog of the truly appalling, the unintentionally amusing and the unrelievedly banal. Honorees are ranked according to a finely calibrated equation (more on that later) that was designed, at great expense, to distill the very essence of each entry.

Not all of these people (and things) are cretins or creeps; sad but safe to say, however, all have somehow offended. It's better that you know that now, right off.

Because we want you to enjoy THE SPY 100. It should entertain—that's really what we set out to do, that and to get some things off our chest and do some neat tricks with decimal points and square-root signs and, in short, undertake a project so wide-ranging and labor-intensive that we could legitimately excuse ourselves from about six weeks' worth of largely frivolous social obligations.

We feel we have succeeded on all counts.

HOW THE SPY 100 WAS ASSEMBLED

Our honorees were chosen carefully. Their selection, and the order in which they appear, is not random but the result of months of extensive polling, painstaking research by highly paid summer interns, as well as our own vicious and sometimes indefensible prejudices. In short: *it's very scientific*. So relax.

It's also mathematical. The equation is the work of a team of former math majors, all of whom, we understand, are still licensed to carry pocket calculators—and do. The categories in each box are:

- **1986 Rank**—for perspective, not part of the equation
- **Inherent Loathsomeness**—essentially reflects our visceral reaction to an honoree
- **Number of SPY Issues Mentioned In**—one sign of our ongoing interest in the honoree
- **Mitigating Factors**—our way of saying, "Nobody's *all* bad" (though we're hard markers here: Mort Zuckerman, the real estate developer–publisher–social climber, gets 3 out of 10 for bankrolling *The Atlantic*)
- **Misdeeds**—the core of our argument, where a perfect 10 suggests a banner year
- **SPY Audit**—our money-related category, for which the highest score is 5
- **Bonus Points**—not awarded in every case (though Zuckerman gets a hefty 8 points for having confused owning a magazine with being a writer)

The equation itself (reproduced below) reads: Loathsomeness squared divided by 4, plus the greater of twice the SPY Mentions *or* Misdeeds, times Misdeeds, plus 7 times the SPY Audit, divided by the square root of Mitigating Factors plus 3, *plus Bonus Points*, equals the Score. It may sound simple and obvious, but every element was carefully considered in relation to every other element, resulting in a weighted system that placed greater value on, for example, Misdeeds than on Inherent Loathsomeness. Because while the latter might remain fairly constant over the long haul, the former would always reflect recent developments. Hence, we are able to guarantee a precise, meaningful, ever-changing SPY 100, year after year, forever.

And it does change. New entries appear: egomaniacs run yelling into the spotlight; criminals and buffoons find the spotlight has suddenly swung round, uninvited, in their direction.

Other entries drop off, having mended their ways or grown too tedious or through some other means contrived to leave our hackles unraised. Where, for example, are Jonathan Schell, neo-expressionism, Donald Manes, the New Jersey Generals, crack and Phillip Moffitt now? And what of junk bonds, Lyndon LaRouche, Tommy Hilfiger, Memphis design, Van Gordon Sauter and latchkey children? Sure, most are still around, but in 1987 *we just didn't care anymore*. Next year, who knows? THE SPY 100 is an equal-opportunity honor roll; there's always hope for '88. Keep the faith, Imelda. ➡➡➡

.....

THE SPY 100 EQUATION:

SCORE = $\frac{L^2}{4} + \frac{[\text{MAX}(2 \times S, M) \times M + (7 \times A)]}{\sqrt{F} + 3} + B$

where

- L = INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS
- S = SPY MENTIONS
- M = MISDEEDS
- A = SPY AUDIT
- F = MITIGATING FACTORS
- B = BONUS POINTS

1 Ivan Boesky

1986 rank	41
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	10
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	7
Mitigating factors (1-10): None	0
Misdeeds (1-10): Caught participating in insider trading on an egregious scale; paid \$100 million to the SEC, pleaded guilty to a felony count; tapped his phone while talking with his partners in crime and squealed on everyone he could think of; then, <i>coincidentally</i> , just before sentencing, took up Talmudic studies	10
SPY audit (1-5): His settlement was the largest in history, but the consensus is that he retains perhaps \$100 million	5
Bonus points (1-10): Wife's name is Seema	7
Score	90.33

2 Ronald Reagan

1986 rank	4
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	10
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	10
Mitigating factors (1-10): Didn't resign (meant to but forgot), thereby sparing us President Bush <i>and</i> giving our slow-on-the-uptake nation a chance to see Reagan for what he is; glanced at a few short memos; waved a lot; proved informative as a sort of living cadaver and anatomy lesson	1
Misdeeds (1-10): Didn't resign; drifted more obviously into intellectual oblivion; Reykjavik, Bork, the Iran-contra affair . . . and so on	10
SPY audit (1-5): Earns \$200,000 a year for an eight-hour work week and <i>seasons</i> of vacation	4
Bonus points (1-10): Deft, savvy foreign policy	8
Score	90.00

3 Donald Trump

1986 rank	1
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	10
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	10
Mitigating factors (1-10): Offered to pay for funeral of child killed by bear; feuded with Ed Koch; completed Wollman Rink; didn't run for office	3
Misdeeds (1-10): Still pushing for the abhorrent Television City; reaped enormous publicity from fuss surrounding child's zoo death. Koch feud and rink reconstruction; didn't promise he'd <i>never</i> run for office	10
SPY audit (1-5): Made \$30 million in four months speculating in Bally Industries stock	4
Bonus points (1-10): Played himself on TV miniseries <i>I'll Take Manhattan</i>	8
Score	81.18

4 Corporate Lying

1986 rank	17
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	9
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	7
Mitigating factors (1-10)	3
Misdeeds (1-10)	9
SPY audit (1-5)	5
Bonus points (1-10)	5
Score	59.27

Promises from management at CBS and Cap Cities that there would be no layoffs—then, after layoffs, that cutbacks in the network news divisions won't hurt quality; CBS describing the des-



perate overhaul of its new, odious *Morning Program* format as fine tuning; Audi announcing plans to rename the Audi 5000 sedan (the death car) but making no announcement about fixing the problem; the Beech-Nut Nutrition Corporation, its president and a VP of manufacturing pleading not guilty to a

perate overhaul of its new, odious *Morning Program* format as fine tuning; Audi announcing plans to rename the Audi

470-count indictment charging, among other things, that the company knowingly sold apple juice that contained little, if any, apple juice (this after New York agriculture officials had fined the firm \$250,000 in 1984 for selling 5 million bottles of mislabeled juice); and Chrysler rolling back odometers on used cars sold as new. On the other hand, the "liar" campaign for Isuzu was a smash success. *Meli meli, kiki bobo.*

5 Dennis Levine

1986 rank	3
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	9
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	8
Mitigating factors (1-10): Didn't want to be the only one profiting from insider trading, so he brought some friends in on the ring; finked on Ivan Boesky; definitely not a man of the "Just say no" generation	5
Misdeeds (1-10): When it was suggested to him that he might curtail his insider trading, he said he hadn't made enough yet	8
SPY audit (1-5): What "not enough" means: in five years (1980-85) he worked \$170,000 into \$12.6 million	5
Bonus points (1-10): Used mother's maiden name (Diamond) as password for his Swiss bank account	7
Score	58.38

6 Peter Holm & Joan Collins

1986 rank	55
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): None	0
Misdeeds (1-10): Holm, Collins's ex-manager and sex toy, said in asking support from her, "While our income and expenses may seem extraordinary to the average person . . . it is our normal way of life, and is typical of those depicted in the television series <i>Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous</i> , on which we have been featured several times"	8
SPY audit (1-5): Holm asked for \$2.6 million	5
Bonus points (1-10): He also asked for \$80,000 a month, including \$12,000 for clothing and accessories and \$6,000 for entertainment	9
Score	58.00

7 George Steinbrenner

1986 rank	11
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	10
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	4
Mitigating factors (1-10): Unifies New Yorkers in one grand, focused loathing	2
Misdeeds (1-10): The deal that put most games on pay TV; his threat to move the team to the Meadowlands; calling his accountant "a young black boy"; his failure to sign Jack Morris; his denial that collusion with other owners was part of that decision; his public flogging of Lou Piniella	10
SPY audit (1-5): La Coupe will give you a Steinbrenner 'do for between \$40 and \$50	2
Bonus points (1-10): Hank, his son and heir, is said to be a chip off the old block	6
Score	56.83

8 Edwin Meese

1986 rank	15
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	9
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Showed endearing lack of guile in entrusting life savings to a former encyclopedia salesman; helped minority-run South Bronx contractor get \$32 million Army deal	2
Misdeeds (1-10): The salesman was financial adviser to the contractor, and Meese had stock in minority-run Wedtech Corp.; waited a week to safeguard Iran-contra documents while shredders purred	9
SPY audit (1-5): Made \$45,857 on a \$50,662 initial investment in Wedtech	4
Bonus points (1-10): Despite testifying to the contrary, can't recall meetings with Ollie North	8
Score	52.94

9 Ruination of Times Square

1986 rank	33
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	9
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): One more reason not to go to Times Square on New Year's Eve	3
Misdeeds (1-10): One developer is demolishing the USO Center to build a high rise; another is razing Leighton's Haberdashers and the Strand Theater for an office tower; others are tearing down other human-scale vestiges for charmless monoliths	9
SPY audit (1-5): Price of one building has increased 33% over past two years	4
Bonus points (1-10): Michael Lazar, former city official and major Times Square speculator-developer, indicted in corruption scandal	8
Score	51.28

10 Bernhard Goetz

1986 rank	2
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	4
Mitigating factors (1-10): America now understands that the typical Manhattanite is an unsociable hothead geek, not a café-hopping bon vivant	1
Misdeeds (1-10): Goetz was more concerned with his electrical gizmos than with his trial; jury acquitted him on all but a weapons charge; <i>Time</i> and <i>Newsweek</i> scoured files for instances of a black shooting white aggressors and being acquitted	9
SPY audit (1-5): With \$5—what he was allegedly asked for—he could have avoided the subway	4
Bonus points (1-10): Restored luster to his escorts, the self-aggrandizing Guardian Angels	8
Score	51.25

11 Leona Helmsley

1986 rank18
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)9
Number of SPY issues mentioned in5
Mitigating factors (1-10): Tax scam tactics provided work for jewelry store and postal employees involved in mailing empty boxes out-of-state ...4
Misdeeds (1-10): Avoided paying taxes on half a million dollars' worth of jewelry purchases; using phony invoices, allegedly charged millions of dollars in renovations on her 28-room Greenwich mansion to various Manhattan business properties ...8
SPY audit (1-5): \$38,662—what the state lost ...5
Bonus points (1-10): The porcine "Queen" once had a bill rewritten to include her Connecticut address, thereby saving \$4 in sales tax7
Score50.25

14 Roy Cohn

1986 rank8
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)10
Number of SPY issues mentioned in5
Mitigating factors (1-10): Actually had character witnesses during disbarment hearings3
Misdeeds (1-10): Even if you could libel the dead, it would be hard to libel a lawyer disbarred for "dishonesty, fraud, deceit, and misrepresentation." He died last year, but his sharklike visage still hangs over New York's power community8
SPY audit (1-5): Died with a \$1.5 billion suit against him pending; owed the IRS \$7 million...4
Bonus points (1-10): His cousin wrote a *Vanity Fair* piece about Cohn's last days, revealing primarily that Cohn had two llamas and that one died1
Score48.82

17 Racism in Baseball

1986 rank92
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)10
Number of SPY issues mentioned in1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Black sociologist Harry Edwards hired to agitate for improvement5
Misdeeds (1-10): In the year dedicated to Jackie Robinson's memory, Dodger general manager Al Campanis said blacks lacked the "necessities" to manage; he was fired, baseball flogged itself, some blacks joined front offices—none were hired as managers; see No. 7, George Steinbrenner8
SPY audit (1-5): Edwards hired Campanis as his assistant (for an undisclosed salary)3
Bonus points (1-10): *Times* article about declining black attendance at games confuses the issue ...6
Score47.23

19 Tammy Faye Bakker

1986 rank—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in3
Mitigating factors (1-10): Foresight (named her LP *Enough Is Enough*) and breeding (asked and received God's permission before using cosmetics)1
Misdeeds (1-10): Burst into tears for the cameras in front of her Tega Cay house; burst into tears during an interview aboard Melvin Belli's yacht; burst into tears on TV while begging for money; acquired 14 furs8
SPY audit (1-5): She and Jim drew \$1.6 million in salary and compensation from PTL last year5
Bonus points (1-10): On a shopping spree, was heard to say, "Oh, my shoppin' demons are hoppin' " ...6
Score46.75

12 Pat Robertson

1986 rank63
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in4
Mitigating factors (1-10): None0
Misdeeds (1-10): Now campaigning to collect 3 million signatures of people who say they want him to run—as if it were *their* idea; sued Rep. Paul McCloskey for saying that during the Korean War Robertson's father, a senator, got Pat transferred to a noncombat unit, "Casual Company"7
SPY audit (1-5): Likely Christian Broadcasting Network shortfall: \$21 million through March3
Bonus points (1-10): Hired a hack TV journalist to pretend to interview McCloskey for broadcast—then used some of the information in his lawsuit ...8
Score49.67

15 Andrea Dworkin

1986 rank—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in0
Mitigating factors (1-10)2
Misdeeds (1-10)9
SPY audit (1-5)4
Bonus points (1-10)7
Score47.69



In *Intercourse*, Dworkin writes, "Intercourse is the pure, sterile, formal expression of men's contempt for

women." This year she published *two* books that argued against sex on the grounds that through sex men conquer women, who willingly collude, fools that they are; the only sympathetic man in her novel, *Ice and Fire*, is impotent and "has too much respect for women" to threaten them with an erection.

Coitus is the punishment for exhibiting oneself: for being afraid to be happy in private, alone. Coitus is the punishment for needing a human witness. I write. Solitude is my witness.

Coitus is the punishment for the happiness of being. Solitude is the end of punishment. I write. I publish.

Coitus is punishment. I write down everything I know, over some years. I publish. I have become a feminist, not the fun kind. Coitus is punishment, I say. It is hard to publish. I am a feminist, not the fun kind. Life gets hard. Coitus is not the only punishment. I write. I love solitude: or slowly, I would die. I do not die.

Coitus is punishment. I am a feminist, not the fun kind. —from Ice and Fire

13 Mort Zuckerman

1986 rank46
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in6
Mitigating factors (1-10): Has subsidized *The Atlantic* for the last five years3
Misdeeds (1-10): Used real estate losses to avoid paying federal income taxes; sued *The Atlantic's* former owners; treated Nicholas Daniloff's incarceration as a marathon photo opportunity; plans to build a huge skyscraper on Columbus Circle9
SPY audit (1-5): Billed *The Atlantic* \$7,000 for the use of his \$8.5 million apartment4
Bonus points (1-10): Masquerades as a journalist by writing an unread column in *U.S. News* and pitching in the Sag Harbor softball game8
Score48.99

16 Alfonse D'Amato

1986 rank20
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in3
Mitigating factors (1-10): None0
Misdeeds (1-10): Traveled to upper Manhattan in disguise and under police protection to buy crack. He didn't need the costume—even when he's in a suit, no one would take him for a senator7
SPY audit (1-5): In 1986 he raised \$6,523,394 (fifth most of any senator), spent \$8,104,587 (third most)—yet, somehow, after the campaign he still had \$652,971 left5
Bonus points (1-10): What irony: New York is represented in the U.S. Senate by a lisping, frog-eyed machine pol, and New Jersey by Bill Bradley ...7
Score47.25

18 George Bush

1986 rank13
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in8
Mitigating factors (1-10): Not president3
Misdeeds (1-10): A wanker and a toady—20 years in public life and *there's nothing there*; he either agreed with the diversion of money to the contras or wasn't asked; with Reagan, you wonder if Casey or Poindexter told him—with Bush, you wonder if they even had his number in their Rolodexes ...6
SPY audit (1-5): Has raised over \$10 million for (doomed) presidential campaign4
Bonus points (1-10): "I don't find Mr. Bush to be a source of ridicule walking the streets of New Hampshire," said his Northeast coordinator5
Score47.20

20 Ed Koch

1986 rank24
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in7
Mitigating factors (1-10): Called Donald Trump "piggy, piggy, piggy"5
Misdeeds (1-10): By suffering a stroke, nearly betrayed New York by allowing Andy Stein to get perilously close to becoming mayor; members of his corrupt administration continue to get caught; insisted that Mother Teresa accept a cheesecake ...7
SPY audit (1-5): \$600—approximate monthly revenue lost by Parma restaurant, a favorite of the pre-diet Koch and his pals3
Bonus points (1-10): Wasted his last, best chance for a rebound by not appearing on SPY cover7
Score45.73

21 Testing Fervor

1986 rank	16
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	9
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Steve Jones, who as a Sex Pistol displayed his genitalia onstage, joins Nancy Reagan in the "Just Say No" campaign	4
Misdeeds (1-10): Constant news updates on the president's and Dwight Gooden's urine; lie detectors in personnel offices; and the less horrifying but equally 1984-in-1987 random checks for drunk drivers and teacher competency exams	8
SPY audit (1-5): \$15,500 would test the urine of all the employees of the Executive Office	3
Bonus points (1-10): 40% of Fortune 500 company job applicants will have urine tests in 1987	8
Score	45.25

22 Richard Nixon

1986 rank	22
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	10
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	5
Mitigating factors (1-10): Had the sense, years ago, to hold on to odd notes to himself that the National Archives could release later	8
Misdeeds (1-10): Sat with George Steinbrenner at a Yankee game in July, grouching about U.S. foreign policy and ignoring his grandchildren; wrote a <i>Los Angeles Times</i> piece with Henry Kissinger warning the Reagan administration against an arms treaty with the USSR; refused, still, to go away	6
SPY audit (1-5): His pension: \$69,630	2
Bonus points (1-10): Penpal of Gary Hart's (current) and Elvis Presley's (former)	7
Score	44.70

23 Martin Siegel

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	6
Mitigating factors (1-10): Agreed to turn over \$9 million "disgorged" profits to repay honest investors who lost money from his manipulations	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Pleaded guilty to illegal stock trading and tax evasion; said his 1985 income was \$1,728,992, (it was \$2,093,992); wrote <i>Fortune</i> article "How to Foil Greenmail," though he'd been leaking tips to Ivan Boesky for three years	9
SPY audit (1-5): Collected at least \$700,000 in cash from Boesky	5
Bonus points (1-10): Cloak-and-dagger meetings with Boesky agents involved a secret password	8
Score	44.31

24 Degrading Women's-Fashion Fads

1986 rank	64
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10)	3
Misdeeds (1-10)	8
SPY audit (1-5)	5
Bonus points (1-10)	7
Score	43.92

For those who have long suspected that couturiers are part of a capitalist-chauvinist-homosexual conspiracy to make prominent wealthy women look foolish, this year—the year of Chris-



rian Lacroix's bubble dress—left no doubts. This year women paid thousands of dollars for clothing that made them look like inverted toadstools, Christmas bells, Michelin Gals and gigantic anorexic baby dolls. This year women actually used the word *pouf*, and fashion writers overused *Zany! Mad! Madcap!* and

Wacky!

While the rest of the world laughed at rich ladies in baby-doll pajamas, we were bombarded with the plebeian version of degrading fashion, the mini-skirt. The *Times* ran a front-page feature on short skirts, as well as countless boring articles inside the paper. And Gloria Steinem slipped into something a little less comfortable—short black leather—for a leggy cheesecake photo in, of course, *Vanity Fair*.

25 Gary Hart

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	5
Mitigating factors (1-10): Dropped out of race	4
Misdeeds (1-10): Could change his mind about running—or not running—at any minute; defied reporter to "put a tail" on him before weekend tryst with <i>Monkey Business</i> queen Donna Rice; may have broken the Seventh Commandment; also the Ninth and Tenth; maybe even the Fifth; once said, "Security and safety frighten me"	9
SPY audit (1-5): Stayed in campaign long enough to add \$90,000 to his \$1.3 million 1984 debt	5
Bonus points (1-10): Was photographed performing "Twist and Shout" with Rice in a Bimini bar	8
Score	43.42

26 The Condo Glut

1986 rank	25
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	5
Mitigating factors (1-10): Thanks to developers, gritty Gotham has become, they say, "a world of privilege. Indulgence. Excess. Opulence"	2
Misdeeds (1-10): Threatens to: (a) crowd out middle-income families; (b) flood address books with pseudo-English names; (c) make <i>hidet</i> a household word and, worse, a household object	9
SPY audit (1-5): \$3,600–\$5,400 a square yard	5
Bonus points (1-10): The Belgravia advertises the services of a "Park Avenue Doorman"—presumably on loan between shifts elsewhere, since the Belgravia is nearer Lexington than Park	6
Score	43.32

27 Timely Deaths

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10): Grudging respect for uncanny timing of William Casey and Roy Cohn; gratefulness for Cohn's removal from decent society once and for all; Cohn's miscalculation—he hung on long enough to be disbarred	3
Misdeeds (1-10): Casey didn't technically die on cue, but the seizure he suffered (a day before he was to appear before a congressional panel) must have sure beat testifying, as things turned out	9
SPY audit (1-5): See No. 14, Roy Cohn	4
Bonus points (1-10): When Gerber Products chief Leo D. Goulet died, the company's stock shot up	8
Score	43.28

28 Idiom for Idiots

1986 rank	38
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): None	0
Misdeeds (1-10): Aussie-isms— <i>G'day, mate, Toss a shrimp on the barbie</i> ; Dan Rather ending broadcasts with "Courage"; totalitarian pep-speak— <i>Just say no; Go for it—whoool!</i> ; general tendency toward whooping; <i>Bufo, tifu</i> ; "suffixmania," making everything generic: <i>-gate, -scam, -mania</i>	6
SPY audit (1-5): Australian Tourist Commission's <i>Toss a shrimp</i> . . . campaign cost \$5 million	3
Bonus points (1-10): Adoption of ghettoisms by white preppies via rap music. Dude! Cold! Word! Word up! Homeboy. Home. Illin'. Chillin'	8
Score	43.00

29 Robert Chambers

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	9
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Didn't have sex with Jennifer Levin on first date; visited former parish priest; kicked cocaine habit	3
Misdeeds (1-10): Went home and slept for a few hours before reporting Levin's death; claims he gripped her in self-defense; under investigation for at least ten burglaries	8
SPY audit (1-5): \$66 is what you'd need to buy, say, six rounds of Long Island Iced Teas for two at Dorrian's Red Hand	2
Bonus points (1-10): Jack Dorrian put up his townhouse as collateral toward Chambers's bail	6
Score	42.73

30 John Cardinal O'Connor

1986 rank	35
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10): Pledged to convert hospitals for treatment of AIDS patients; went on TV to ask an abortion clinic bomber to give up	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Supported ban on gay religious groups using churches and centers; called Holocaust "an enormous gift that Judaism has given the world"; showboated his efforts to ease plights of homosexuals, Jews and abortion victims	9
SPY audit (1-5): His archdiocese will lose \$100 million in aid if it doesn't provide birth control information in its foster homes	3
Bonus points (1-10): He'd still cut the care	8
Score	42.72



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31 Ralph Lauren

1986 rank	43
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Introduced new word into Japanese; <i>Ametoradio</i> ("American traditional"); turned down <i>Love Boat</i> guest spot	2
Misdeeds (1-10): The patron saint of stodginess, privilege and upper-crusty unoriginality is going to be the subject of a biography; plundered Hackett, the London clothier, to decorate his store; he's <i>still</i> worth over \$300 million	8
SPY audit (1-5): Will cost insecure, class-conscious Americans about \$1.3 billion this year	5
Bonus points (1-10): Is probably the only Bronxite with a coat of arms	8
Score	42.68

32 Mariette Hartley

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Her unbridled perkiness was an antidote to CBS <i>Morning Program</i> co-host Rolland Smith's robo-newsman persona	3
Misdeeds (1-10): When a distinguished black chef was a guest, Hartley yelled, "Is a-comin'! Is a-comin'!"; with a Szechuan chef, she went into Charlie Chan dialect and an exaggerated overbite; employs a squad of ferocious hangers-on	9
SPY audit (1-5): Salary: \$750,000-\$1.25 million	5
Bonus points (1-10): Told Rep. Joseph Kennedy II there was "kind of a violent unexpected death as a result of guns... also in my life"	9
Score	42.51

33 A.M. Rosenthal

1986 rank	66
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	9
Mitigating factors (1-10): Finally retired as executive editor of the <i>Times</i> ; took bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord out of circulation; eventually weaned himself from relentless I-me-my constructions in his Op-Ed column	6
Misdeeds (1-10): His self-importance; his column; his column; his column	7
SPY audit (1-5): For just \$2.45 you can buy the <i>Times</i> all five days that the On My Mind column doesn't appear	3
Bonus points (1-10): Tried to claim arena-size office space at the Washington bureau	6
Score	41.98

34 Laurence Tisch

1986 rank	58
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	5
Mitigating factors (1-10): Dumped clam-eyed CBS News president Van Gordon Sauter	4
Misdeeds (1-10): Bought a 24.9% stake in CBS and, his small, white fists wrapped around his newly acquired shares, entered the spotlight with his family of bean counters and their wives	7
SPY audit (1-5): Chose to give Diane Sawyer a \$500,000 raise rather than keep open CBS News bureaus in Warsaw, Bangkok and Seattle	5
Bonus points (1-10): Fired 500 ("A lot of these people are lucky to be laid off right now, because there are other jobs available in broadcasting")	8
Score	41.25

35 Harry Macklowe

1986 rank	36
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): None	0
Misdeeds (1-10): Erected the tallest apartment building in Manhattan, the vulgar Metropolitan Tower—with "Chauffeurs' Waiting Room" and ricker-tape machine; his illegal, dead-of-night razing of two SRO hotels still rankles	7
SPY audit (1-5): Imported toilet paper racks in Metropolitan Tower bathrooms: about \$250 each	4
Bonus points (1-10): Macklowe's PR man, the preternaturally energetic Bobby Zarem, put out a book plugging the tower—full of pictures of bulldozers crushing handsome masonry	6
Score	40.67

36 Nutritionists

1986 rank	51
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): None	0
Misdeeds (1-10): Gurulike personal food consultants to celebrities and the very rich; their diets specialize in flashy books and vogueish concepts	7
SPY audit (1-5): Nutritionists typically charge \$150 to \$200 for a first session; diet books typically sell between 50,000 and 75,000 copies	5
Bonus points (1-10): Robert Giller, who advocates antistress vitamins that the AMA says don't exist; Stuart Berger, described by himself as brilliant and by nutrition expert Dr. Jean Mayer as essentially ignorant	6
Score	40.25

37 Steven Ross

1986 rank	47
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Described as "godlike," "genius" and "a father" by his (well-paid) Warner Bros. employees; sent company jet (at \$4,000 an hour) to pick up Steven Spielberg's dogs	4
Misdeeds (1-10): In keeping with his spend-more-to-make-more philosophy, awarded himself a contract that could earn him \$18 million a year, twice the salary of the U.S. Senate and more than Warner's publishing division earned in 1986	8
SPY audit (1-5): Sold a \$5 million helicopter designed to carry air-to-air missiles	3
Bonus points (1-10): Sold it to Donald Trump	7
Score	40.00

38 John M. Poindexter

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	4
Mitigating factors (1-10): Unlikable military man lying to Congress an antidote to Ollie-mania	4
Misdeeds (1-10): "Couldn't remember" details of Iran-contra diversion 184 times in 5 days; destroyed vital evidence, a CIA covert-action finding signed by the president that depicted the transactions as a straight arms-for-hostages swap	9
SPY audit (1-5): The bucks stopped there: \$27 million in illegal aid to the contras	5
Bonus points (1-10): Reagan couldn't remember the lost finding; Poindexter could, saying, "The president is not a man for great detail"	7
Score	39.20

39 The New York Times Magazine

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10): Recipes strong; answers to last week's puzzle consistently accurate	2
Misdeeds (1-10): The relentlessly whining tone of About Men; publishing as real a photo of a fake drug bust; the disingenuous-ingenué-novelist Rae Lawrence scandal; the puerile Tama Janowitz "Adventures in Tinseltown" article	8
SPY audit (1-5): Total ad revenue from one issue is about \$1,495,000	4
Bonus points (1-10): High entertainment value in watching obsequious Ed Klein try to survive as editor	6
Score	39.09

40 Evan Mecham

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Turns out the governor of Arizona is "not a bigot... I like people"	1
Misdeeds (1-10): Won election last year with 40% of the vote; rescinded Martin Luther King Day ("I don't think King deserves a holiday"); one of his appointees is being investigated in connection with a 1954 murder; his education adviser said teachers shouldn't contradict students whose parents tell them the Earth is flat	8
SPY audit (1-5): Says canceling the King holiday will save \$2.5 million in paid vacation salaries	3
Bonus points (1-10): Wears a toupee	5
Score	38.50

41 Sean Penn

1986 rank	28
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Published a series of amusingly awful poems; served a 60-day sentence in the L.A. County Jail	4
Misdeeds (1-10): Spat on and pummeled an extra on the set of his movie <i>Colors</i> while on probation for attacking a songwriter last year; has openly threatened to write a novel; tends to prey upon defenseless photographers, songwriters, extras	7
SPY audit (1-5): At \$24.90 per prisoner per day, it cost L.A. \$1,494 to keep Sean in the pen	4
Bonus points (1-10): Told <i>Vanity Fair</i> no whale or nuclear war is more important than Madonna	7
Score	38.40

42 Books Women Who Love/Hate Men Buy

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Teach us sensitivity, self-awareness, fulfillment—all on the IRT	2
Misdeeds (1-10): <i>Women Men Love—Women Men Leave</i> ; <i>Making a Commitment: A Guide for Single Men—and the Women Who Love Them</i> ; <i>Men Who Can't Love—When a Man's Fear Makes Him Run From Commitment (and What a Smart Woman Can Do About It)</i> ; <i>Smart Women, Foolish Choices</i>	7
SPY audit (1-5): Three are on the best-seller lists, with over \$20 million in gross sales	5
Bonus points (1-10): <i>Men Who Hate Women and the Women Who Love Them</i> ; <i>Women Who Love Too Much</i>	7
Score	38.28

43 Bill Cosby

1986 rank	39
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10): Once a good stand-up comic; creator of Fat Albert	4
Misdeeds (1-10): Unswerving self-aggrandizement at odds with warm public image; degree-crazy (refused to speak at Stanford—invitation didn't come with a doctorate); turned down Desmond Tutu's invitation in order to guest-host <i>The Tonight Show</i>	8
SPY audit (1-5): Owns 15 cars; likely total revenues from <i>Cosby</i> syndication: \$500 million	5
Bonus points (1-10): Doesn't shrink from violence: punched out Tommy Smothers in 1976; wrestled with an "out-of-hand" crew member in 1986	6
Score	38.05

46 Dennis Miller

1986 rank	61
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Let Bill Murray appear on <i>SNL</i> 's "Weekend Update," sparing us the usual seven full minutes of Dennis Miller; seldom in any other segment; says he has no aspirations beyond staying at the anchor desk	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Became popular; appeared on television regularly	8
SPY audit (1-5): A mere \$17 would have got you a ticket to see him <i>live</i> last summer at the very classy Westbury Music Fair. You mean you missed it?	4
Bonus points (1-10): By appearing with Murray, pointed up how unfunny he (Miller) is	7
Score	36.82

49 Corporate Name Changes

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	3
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): None	0
Misdeeds (1-10): Navistar, Primerica, Allegis, Unisys, USX? Once companies had <i>names</i> —called after their founders (Sperry, Burroughs) or after their founders' simple, grand vision (U.S. Steel, American Can). Now the bedrock names of American capitalism have given way to the pseudo-cyber-speak of paper entrepreneurialism	7
SPY audit (1-5): Cost of getting rid of a perfectly good name (United Airlines) and adopting a perfectly meaningless name (Allegis): \$7 million	5
Bonus points (1-10): And it's tax-deductible	6
Score	36.25

51 Allan Bloom

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Dedicated his book, <i>The Closing of the American Mind: How Higher Education Has Failed Democracy and Impoverished the Souls of Today's Students</i> , to his students	3
Misdeeds (1-10): Rock music is "prepackaged masturbational fantasy"; choosing one's opinions leads to accepting false doctrines (feminism), and affirmative action to worsening race relations	9
SPY audit (1-5): Total sales: \$4.5 million	4
Bonus points (1-10): Had fawning foreword written by heretofore credible Saul Bellow; allows quasi-educated elitist cranks to feel more smug	6
Score	35.28

44 Tama Janowitz

1986 rank	70
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	6
Mitigating factors (1-10): On Martin Amis: "He is one of those people of whom, when you meet him, you instantly think: What an intelligent person he is! And what a foolish person am I!"	3
Misdeeds (1-10): On the strength of her MTV "literary video" and her friendship with Andy Warhol, secured a teaching fellowship at Princeton	7
SPY audit (1-5): <i>Slaves of New York</i> (\$15.95) has sold about 200,000 copies in hardback	4
Bonus points (1-10): Illustrated new book, <i>A Cannibal in Manhattan</i> , with photos of herself and pre-tentious friends	5
Score	37.67

47 Duchess of Windsor's Jewel Auction

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Most of the \$50.3 million raised was donated to the Institut Pasteur in Paris	7
Misdeeds (1-10): The spectacle of socialites and movie stars clamoring to buy the gaudy, oversize, overpriced jewels of the selfish, twice-divorced wife of a Nazi sympathizer	8
SPY audit (1-5): Lawyer Marvin Mitchelson paid \$500,000 for necklace expected to fetch \$18,000	5
Bonus points (1-10): Imitation Windsor jewels are already available at Bloomingdale's—five pieces for \$445	7
Score	36.79

50 Julian Schnabel

1986 rank	37
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10): Once worked as a short-order cook (probably led to his fascination with smashing crockery and gluing it to canvases)	4
Misdeeds (1-10): Wrote a book about his "art and life"; knows he's the most important artist of his generation; has said, "My work is about love"	7
SPY audit (1-5): Though he buys his dishes from the Salvation Army (average cost for mismatched 40-piece set: \$19.99), his prices do not reflect this— <i>Notre Dame</i> was auctioned for \$93,500	4
Bonus points (1-10): He switched from dishes to horns and antlers on black velvet and linoleum	8
Score	35.65

52 Barry Slotnick

1986 rank	—
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): He was beaten up	2
Misdeeds (1-10): Enormous personal publicity reaped from his handling of the Goetz case allowed his reputation to evolve from mob lawyer to Public Superdefender; portrayed the twitchy, high-strung, half-mad Goetz as Everyman	7
SPY audit (1-5): Reduced \$350-an-hour fee for Goetz "because of the public interest involved"	3
Bonus points (1-10): Described mobster and former client Joseph Colombo Sr. as "dynamic, interesting, well read and very cordial—a major figure in the world of criminal and constitutional law"	7
Score	35.11

45 Andy Stein

1986 rank	12
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	4
Mitigating factors (1-10): His realistic hair is a walking ad for city toupee manufacturers	3
Misdeeds (1-10): As City Council president, he has a right to step in should Mayor Koch not survive another gluttony-induced stroke; called news conference to blast pit bull owners; voted for city contractors worth \$2 million for a company in which his father owns stock and is a director	6
SPY audit (1-5): Despite huge unearned wealth, draws \$90,000 salary	2
Bonus points (1-10): Issued memo to staff announcing that he should be called Andrew	8
Score	37.10

48 The Tex-Mex Glut

1986 rank	95
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10)	2
Misdeeds (1-10)	7
SPY audit (1-5)	4
Bonus points (1-10)	7
Score	36.69



Why is it that New York continues to sprout Mexican and Tex-Mex restaurants as prolifically as

President Reagan's nose grows basal-cell tumors—and yet nowhere in the World's Greatest City can one buy a decent burrito? When it comes to the cuisine of our southern bordermate, New York offers mainly vile emporiums that cater to the Spuds MacKenzie crowd, spooning up Gerbery platefuls of hot by-products to thousands of 22-year-old market analysts nicknamed Kahuna. At last (informal) count, there were no fewer than 78 Mexican restaurants in *Manhattan alone*. Yet why is it that *Mexicans* don't move here and start honest Mexican restaurants? Perhaps they're embarrassed by the patronizing forced fun, by the cheese piles masquerading as enchiladas, by the \$5 price tag on a bunch of crushed ice mixed with a dimple's worth of tequila. Symbols of the dumb, the loud and the proudly fake, New York's Mexican restaurants remain instruments for the worst sort of gentrification—that calculating homogeneity that threatens to turn the entire city into a kind of suburb with rats.

53 Joan Rivers

1986 rank	60
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10): Didn't make a stink when fired from her talk show	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Sucked up to Mrs. Reagan; aberrated <i>People</i> cover story a week after her husband died	8
SPY audit (1-5): Signed reported \$1 million deal ("People are pulling figures out of their ass," says her publicist) to fill Paul Lynde's shoes as center-square bitch on <i>The Hollywood Squares</i>	4
Bonus points (1-10): Her widowhood prompted wisdom from Milton Berle ("You learn to cover up the inner feelings when the spotlight hits you") and Cindy Adams ("You're the best")	5
Score	34.13

54 Liza Minnelli

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	4
Mitigating factors (1-10): Stopped taking drugs and drinking	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Her show hit Clive Barnes "below the Merman belt"; gave Liz Smith a night of "pleasure and excitement"; teased Stephen Holden with "powerfully illustrative gesticulation." And she bewitched Bob Colacello as a "kooky hooker"	7
SPY audit (1-5): Cost drug industry thousands as a result of abstinence	4
Bonus points (1-10): Posed for luscious, carefree, sex-kitten photos in <i>Vanity Fair</i> with the caption GIMME A LITTLE STYLE AND I'M HAPPY	9
Score	34.04

55 The Filofax Generation

1986 rank	73
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): There's always a chance the people who claim they can't live without their Filofax (or Day-Timer) will lose theirs	5
Misdeeds (1-10): In addition to holding such daily necessities as, say, road maps of India or off-season ferry schedules from Piraeus, the system can now (really) include a "Safe-fax"—for condoms	6
SPY Audit (1-5): Filofax sales were \$10.9 million last year; one in crocodile hide costs \$950	5
Bonus points (1-10): <i>New York Woman</i> devoted an entire monthly how-to column, The Filofax File, to managing your trains-run-on-time life-style	8
Score	33.81

56 The British Theatrical Glut

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	4
Mitigating factors (1-10): The long run of <i>Cats</i> and the success of new West End imports <i>Starlight Express</i> , <i>Les Misérables</i> , <i>Les Liaisons Dangereuses</i> and <i>Me and My Girl</i> were mainly responsible for a mild spurt in Broadway attendance and revenues	6
Misdeeds (1-10): The successful runs of those shows were made possible by yet another season of American theatrical miscarriages (<i>Rags</i> , <i>Smile</i>)	7
SPY audit (1-5): Total one-week grosses of the five British productions: over \$2 million	5
Bonus points (1-10): <i>Chess</i> , <i>Time</i> and <i>Phantom of the Opera</i> are on their way	8
Score	33.70

57 The New Yorker

1986 rank	88
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	4
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	8
Mitigating factors (1-10): Robert Gottlieb's appointment flushed J. D. Salinger out of the underbrush; more cartoons per issue	6
Misdeeds (1-10): More unfunny cartoons per issue; shabby treatment of William Shawn; histrionics over shabby treatment of Shawn; Gottlieb enraged staff by signing to write a book about his collection of 1940s ladies' purses	7
SPY audit (1-5): Ran twee commercials during <i>Miami Vice</i> , when 30 seconds costs \$200,000	3
Bonus points (1-10): Gottlieb insists he doesn't like "changes or upsetting people"	5
Score	33.41

58 Bess Myerson

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	4
Mitigating factors (1-10): She was the first Jewish Miss America	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Revealed to have compromised the judge in her criminal boyfriend's divorce case by putting the judge's daughter on the public payroll; called her failure to tell Mayor Koch she'd taken the Fifth "an unfortunate oversight"	8
SPY audit (1-5): The sewer contract her criminal boyfriend Andy Capasso got was worth \$53.6 million	5
Bonus points (1-10): Made obscene phone calls and wrote abusive letters to rivals in romance	8
Score	33.16

59 The Academy Awards

1986 rank	72
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	8
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Meryl Streep not nominated for <i>Hearburn</i>	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Musical number with big stars Pat Morita, Telly Savalas and Dom DeLuise; Paul Hogan's canned Aussie-isms; annual sign-language acceptance (Marlee Matlin); annual humiliation of ancient, addled star (Bette Davis)	7
SPY audit (1-5): \$300 hires a makeup artist for Morita's, Savalas's and DeLuise's shiny pates	2
Bonus points (1-10): Special Oscar to Steven Spielberg not as director (<i>Close Encounters</i> , <i>E.T.</i>) but as producer (<i>The Twilight Zone</i> , <i>Goonies</i>)	5
Score	33.03

60 Lawrence Taylor

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): His book, <i>LT</i> , begins charmingly, "When I was thirteen I told my mama I would make a million dollars playing football by the time I was twenty one. I was off by a year"	4
Misdeeds (1-10): Accused Giants management of failing to act responsibly when they let him continue drug use	8
SPY audit (1-5): Signed contract (including \$1 million interest-free loan) with Donald Trump to play for now defunct New Jersey Generals	3
Bonus points (1-10): His personal drug therapy program: Play an enormous amount of golf	7
Score	33.00

61 Andy Warhol

1986 rank	67
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	3
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	6
Mitigating factors (1-10): His <i>Diaries</i> , due next year, will make deadpan social history	4
Misdeeds (1-10): The bland, enigmatic voyeur, who could seem quite lifelike beneath his chalky wig, perversely seems more alive now than ever, resuscitated by the gasping, sloppy mouth-to-mouth of media assessments, tributes and memoirs	7
SPY audit (1-5): A room at New York Hospital costs \$715-\$900 a day	4
Bonus points (1-10): Two months after Warhol died, Fred Hughes replaced him on <i>Interview's</i> mast-head as publisher. Just 14 minutes left, Fred	8
Score	32.65

62 Racial Grandstanding

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10)	5
Misdeeds (1-10)	7
SPY audit (1-5)	3
Bonus points (1-10)	7
Score	32.62

How can we do this? How can we include C. Vernon Mason and Alton H. Maddox Jr., two tough, savvy lawyers who aren't afraid to blast Ed Koch, rail against the criminal-justice system and



have become folk heroes to many blacks? Throughout the trials they've been involved in recently (the Howard Beach case, Michael Stewart, Jonah Perry, Marla Hanson), Maddox and Mason have been accused—justly, it usually looked to us—of arrogance and contributing to racial tension. Mason is the

have become folk heroes to many blacks?

Throughout the trials they've been involved in recently (the Howard Beach case, Michael Stewart, Jonah Perry, Marla Hanson), Maddox and Mason have been accused—justly, it usually looked to us—of arrogance and contributing to racial tension. Mason is the

Machiavellian smoothie, doing the politico-press cocktail circuit, running for D.A. Maddox is considered more abrasive. In court he described tabloid-cover-girl Hanson as "a girl from Texas [with] racial hang-ups"—and then, when the remark got some bad reaction in the press, announced that *he* had become "the victim" in the case.

We figure egocentricity and quickness to cry racism (while succumbing to it themselves) deserve some reward.

continued

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1. Darkroom rental, 20/20 PHOTOGRAPHER'S PLACE

20 West 20th Street
Cost: \$5.99 per hour, minimum two-hour rental
Atmosphere: Dark and very private, in a nominally creative environment
Pluses: Individual room with door that locks; one dim, amber light; convenient to fashionable cafés; can bring along a radio
Minuses: Concrete floor



THE SPY MAP TO

2. MANHATTAN MINI STORAGE

600 West 58th Street and 549 West 29th Street
Cost: \$94 per month midtown; \$54 per month downtown
Atmosphere: Prisonlike. But unlike other spaces—and like most modern cells—it can be modified to suit your tastes and life-style
Pluses: An unrestricted space measuring 5 feet by 7 feet at your disposal for an entire month; complete privacy ensured with the addition of your own lock; can also keep lawn mowers and Barcaloungers there
Minuses: Located near Eleventh Avenue; poorly ventilated



3. Customer relations room, TIFFANY'S

727 Fifth Avenue, mezzanine.
 Take an immediate right out of the elevator, walk past watch repair and turn into the first room on the right
Cost: Free, but it might allay suspicion if you have something from Tiffany's to be repaired
Atmosphere: Pleasantly deluxe
Pluses: Private room measuring 8½ feet by 8 feet; telephone; table with flowers; electrical outlet; carpeted floor; door locks
Minuses: Fluorescent lights; no windows; close to where engagement rings are sold

4. Changing rooms, VIDAL SASSOON

767 Fifth Avenue
Cost: Haircuts start at \$50
Atmosphere: Somewhat cramped, but nicely furnished
Pluses: Door locks; full-length mirror
Minuses: Standing room only (room measures 3 feet by 4½ feet)



5. Chanel Boutique changing room, BERGDORF GOODMAN

754 Fifth Avenue, second floor
Cost: Free
Atmosphere: Quiet, clean, posh
Pluses: Individual room measuring 3 feet by 4½ feet



BY NELL SCOVELL AND LYNN SNOWDEN
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSS MACDONALD

New Yorkers know where to go at noon when they want to be seen—the Four Seasons, Mortimer's, Le Cirque. But where do they go when they don't want to be seen? It's a buttery autumn day, and love—or at least that retro emotion, desire—is in the air, and you and your co-conspirator simply have to do something about it. A hotel? Too obvious, too pedestrian and too expensive. Your place? The doorman might talk. Fortunately, New York abounds with convenient and reasonably priced alternative facilities. Each spot on SPY's list of approved venues is open during business hours and is relatively clean. And although all are reasonably private, there is always that enticing possibility of being discovered, thus proving that valor is the better part of discretion.

7. Closet,

ST. THOMAS CHURCH

1 West 53rd Street. Upon entering, turn right and right again into closet

Cost: Your eternal soul

Atmosphere: Subdued, cramped

Pluses: Dark, soothing; singing by boys' choir if you time it right

Minuses: Standing room only (2 feet by 3 feet); unerotic religion



8. Meeting room,

JACOB K. JAVITS CONVENTION CENTER

655 West 34th Street

Cost: \$70 per day

Atmosphere: Businesslike

Pluses: Ideal alibi; 18-by-18-foot private room; door with a lock; A/V equipment available at additional cost

Minuses: Fluorescent lighting; bad, overpriced food; near Twelfth Avenue



9. Safe-deposit box rental,

MANUFACTURERS AND TRADERS TRUST COMPANY

654 Madison Avenue. Enter bank and make a quick left down the stairs. Three available rooms; the largest measures 6½ feet by 7 feet

Cost: \$300 a year

Atmosphere: Discreet

Pluses: Purple carpet; limitless use; guard to keep out intruders; physically proximate to New Yorkers' favorite thing

Minuses: None



10. The Screening Room, THE BRILL BUILDING

1619 Broadway

Cost: \$290 for two hours

Atmosphere: Restrained chic

Pluses: Plush reclining seats; lots of famous people in building

Minuses: Ishtar might be showing

11. Downstairs bathrooms,

BOTTEGA VENETA

635 Madison Avenue

Cost: Free

Atmosphere: Antiseptic

Pluses: Lock on door; convenient to leather goods

Minuses: Unromantic; potentially expensive—scarves start at \$155



6. Hallway, TRUMP TOWER

725 Fifth Avenue, third floor.

Across from Martha, go through brass door appropriately marked "A" and down hallway to the landing around the corner

Cost: Free

Atmosphere: Eerily quiet and secluded

Pluses: Location, location, location—as the building's owner would have it; space measuring 11 feet by 4 feet; easy escape route down equally deserted fire stairs

Minuses: Linoleum floor; might bump into Queens-born building owner or his wife

Minuses: Door doesn't lock but can be blocked by a chair; intrusive saleswomen tend to thrust in garments to be tried on

63 Oprah Winfrey

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10): Held pajama parties for ghetto children; gave one of her dogs to a guest whose dog had died; forgave SPY for flaying her	4
Misdeeds (1-10): Plans film on the inventor of the hair-straightening comb, the "first female millionaire in this country"; pledges to be "the richest black woman in America"; knows people "really love me, love me, love me"	6
SPY audit (1-5): Will make about \$31 million this year from syndication of her TV show	5
Bonus points (1-10): Excuses fatness by calling her gluttony a "comfort" akin to "a warm hug"	6
Score	32.45

64 Crystals Philosophy

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Cut-and-dried proof that Tina Turner, Burt Bacharach, Jane Fonda, Elizabeth Taylor and Bruce Willis are low-grade morons able to be entranced by shiny things	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Pretentious flabby hash of energy fields, computerese and yuppie acquisitiveness	7
SPY audit (1-5): Sanctimonious justification for buying jewelry—crystals can cost \$150,000	5
Bonus points (1-10): In December, Andy Warhol advised SPY readers to "wear a crystal. . . . Girls live longer because they wear diamonds and stuff like that"	8
Score	32.41

65 Ishtar

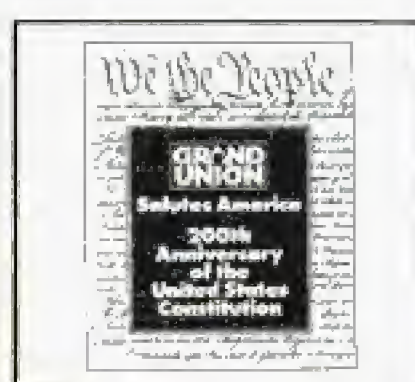
1986 rank	100
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10): Didn't disappoint naysayers, including SPY (<i>The Usual Suspects</i> , May)	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Awful; probably the most expensive comedy ever; Dustin Hoffman, Warren Beatty and Elaine May all got paid; publicity campaign focused on phony Beatty-Hoffman friendship	6
SPY audit (1-5): Columbia spent \$50 million on <i>Ishtar</i> —about \$25 million per joke	5
Bonus points (1-10): Hoffman in <i>People</i> : "There's an essential loneliness in [Beatty]. I mean, I can see him dying alone with nobody there to love him or hold his hand. It hurts to think about that"	6
Score	31.81

66 The Constitution Bicentennial

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	2
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10)	2
Misdeeds (1-10)	8
SPY audit (1-5)	5
Bonus points (1-10)	8
Score	31.43

Hey! Why did we feel so festive, so American during the days leading up to September 17? Constitution Fever, of course!

Don't get us wrong: we think *the Constitution itself* is really super. We do.



But the government's \$25.2 million attempt to stir up enthusiasm was, in fact, a very Soviet kind of enterprise: the enforced tedium included special issues of semiofficial press organs—*Time*, *The New York Times Magazine*—that no one read; 8 million pocket-size copies of the Constitution distributed; a ten-part se-

ries on PBS; dutiful salutes; pious speeches; bloodless ceremonies.

Yes, there were McDonald's Constitution place mats. But chief Constitution promoter Warren Burger spoiled even that perverse pleasure when he insisted that the place mats were "in the very best of taste." As the Senate prepared to confirm Robert Bork, 10 million Americans a day splattered Diet Cokes and dribbled McNuggets sauce on the Bill of Rights. Huzzah.

67 Nell's

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	4
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	7
Mitigating factors (1-10): Doormen turned Cher away	6
Misdeeds (1-10): The former 14th Street electronics shop is now filled with a higher class of vermin—regulars include Bianca Jagger and Judd Nelson. Hyper-hennaed barmaid Nell Campbell entertains guests by thrusting her legs and/or breasts in the faces of suspecting customers	6
SPY audit (1-5): Dues are \$200 (plus a charge for guests), and it's a \$5 cab ride from <i>anywhere</i>	5
Bonus points (1-10): Its success has spawned a generation of "intimate" supper club clones	5
Score	30.84

68 Certain Protestants

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	0
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): 85% of white Protestants interviewed by B'nai B'rith pollsters have mulled over the evidence, listened to both sides, rugged at their chins and decided that, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the Holocaust happened	1
Misdeeds (1-10): 15% need further proof. <i>Further proof?</i>	8
SPY audit (1-5): Cost of 24 million born-again Christians renting video of <i>Shoah</i> : \$240 million	5
Bonus points (1-10): 59% feel Jews cannot be forgiven for killing Christ until they accept Him as their Savior	6
Score	30.75

69 General Electric

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Makes no TVs	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Weaseled out of indictment for insider trading by Kidder Peabody subsidiary by paying government \$25 million; would void NBC union contract if company is sold; threatened (through NBC president Bob Wright) NBC News journalists who might not "voluntarily" contribute to proposed corporate PAC	8
SPY audit (1-5): Has income of \$720 million—enough to buy interesting, well-run companies	2
Bonus points (1-10): Rumored to be weighing Time Inc. takeover	7
Score	30.31

70 The Baby M Case

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): William Stern said he'd tell Baby M that Mary Beth was "a kind woman who wanted to do something nice"	4
Misdeeds (1-10): Whitehead renamed the baby Sara, said the judge considered her "just a uterus with legs," demanded privacy but soon was comparing offers from book publishers	8
SPY audit (1-5): \$10,000 surrogate motherhood fee declined by Whitehead when she made up her mind and said she was keeping her baby	3
Bonus points (1-10): The Whiteheads blamed their subsequent separation in part on the Baby M case	7
Score	30.25

71 Charity Smugness

1986 rank	81
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	4
Mitigating factors (1-10): Better generous rich hypocrites than selfish social Darwinists	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Giving as publicly as possible (galas best); disproportionate self-satisfaction; giving Felix Rohatyn the chance, in objecting, to become even more beloved by liberals	7
SPY audit (1-5): \$650,000 is what Liz Taylor paid for a Windsor brooch. "It's the first important piece of jewelry I ever bought for myself," she said	3
Bonus points (1-10): She added that though the price made the purchase painful, it was, after all, for charity	7
Score	30.13

72 Superconductivity

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Chance to see charmingly elated scientists in news media—and American industry captains again humiliated by Japanese	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Extends the era of computer hype; Reagan's Soviet-style three-year plan to outdo Japanese, with monopolistic cooperation among industry chiefs, Defense Department and scientists	7
SPY audit (1-5): \$150 million of Defense Department funds already earmarked for development	6
Bonus points (1-10): Superconductors are brittle and the current only runs at -283°F, so they may well prove to be a boondoggle	7
Score	29.95

73 The Fox Network

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	3
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Freed us Sunday nights to get out and get some fresh air	2
Misdeeds (1-10): <i>Mr. President</i> , <i>Duet</i> , <i>Married... With Children</i> , <i>21 Jump Street</i> ; fascinating gimmick of running bad shows three times an evening instead of just once, like real networks	8
SPY audit (1-5): Rupert Murdoch spent \$150 million to jump-start the network	3
Bonus points (1-10): Hand-picked replacement hosts for <i>The Late Show Starring Joan Rivers</i> included such superstars as Marla Gibbs, Arsenio Hall, Bob Dubac, Jackee Harry and Shawn Thompson	8
Score	29.51

76 L.A. Law

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Leaves in the public mind the accurate impression of lawyers as having all the charm of the underside of a flat stone	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Touted as the show that makes it respectable for yuppies to say they watch commercial TV—and why shouldn't a humorless, self-obsessed generation appreciate the concerns of humorless, self-obsessed lawyers?	7
SPY audit (1-5): Budget per show: \$1.25 million	4
Bonus points (1-10): Like any bad actor made famous by TV, Corbin Bernsen <i>wants to give something back</i> : make Shakespeare accessible to the people	5
Score	28.71

78 The New York Jets

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Despite dramatic ineptitude over last third of the season, quarterback Ken O'Brien was among league leaders	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Started last season 9-1, but lost five of six, barely making the play-offs; once there, eliminated by the Cleveland Browns after leading by 10 points with two minutes to go	7
SPY audit (1-5): Raised ticket prices for '87 season by 17.6%—all seats are now \$20	4
Bonus points (1-10): Many longtime season-ticket holders from Shea Stadium days were dislodged from their 50-yard-line seats	5
Score	28.13

80 Andrew Wyeth

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	4
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Time spent publicizing the Helga hoard is time not spent painting	6
Misdeeds (1-10): 125 of his drawings and paintings of Helga Testorf will be viewed by crowds eager to soak up the ambience of secret love, soporific poster art and a stocky, stone-faced hausfrau. The success of his shrewdly vulgar hype dismays	8
SPY audit (1-5): Leonard E.B. Andrews, who bought the cache and trumped up its mystery, will make millions on prints of Helga's stumpy body	4
Bonus points (1-10): Works by Jamie and N. C. Wyeth joined works by Andrew for an exhibit	7
Score	27.88

74 The Big Bang

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): The English can no longer convincingly flaunt old-world civility	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Attention paid deregulation of London ("Big Bang") and Toronto ("Little Bang") stock markets part of disquieting media fascination with business and lucre; investment bankers accorded undue respect instead of contempt properly accorded frugal, nasty little money gatherers	6
SPY audit (1-5): Typical post-Bang salaries for London merchant bankers doubled overnight	3
Bonus points (1-10): Billions made and lost in transactions sensible people find inexplicable	6
Score	29.14

77 Michael Jackson

1986 rank	86
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Delayed releasing <i>Bad</i> ; preserved the Beatles' music from commercialism by buying the rights to it for \$47.5 million	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Released <i>Bad</i> ; released rights to "Revolution" (a spokesman said, "He'd never use 'Eleanor Rigby' or 'The Fool on the Hill.' Those songs touched him in a different place, and besides, I can't imagine a suitable tie-in")	6
SPY audit (1-5): The LP delay meant \$80 million worth of Jackson merchandise sat on shelves	5
Bonus points (1-10): Offered \$1 million for the Elephant Man's bones	6
Score	28.56

79 Karen Finley

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Got herself on the cover of <i>The Village Voice</i> twice	2
Misdeeds (1-10): Performances include male-persona pornographic monologues such as "I'm an Ass Man" and onstage vaginal insertion of canned yams; says, "I'm never really interested in the sexual point in my work. I'm really interested in the pathos"	7
SPY audit (1-5): Price of can of yams: \$1.59	3
Bonus points (1-10): Her mother is one of her biggest fans, and her grandmother, according to Finley, "thinks I'm talented but a toilet mouth"	6
Score	28.11

81 Too-Late-for-Life Articles

1986 rank	96
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Something to read	1
Misdeeds (1-10): Yet again, <i>New York</i> , on the heels of <i>Newsweek</i> , attempted to drive its female readers into a paranoid frenzy with numberless stories whose gist was "You've left it too late, you'll never find love"	6
SPY audit (1-5): A year's subscription to <i>New York</i> costs \$33	3
Bonus points (1-10): <i>New York</i> publishes 50 times a year. That means that its readers are presented with about 50 new, fresh, <i>really new</i> life-style dilemmas each year	7
Score	27.50

75 Not Running for President

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	1
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10)	2
Misdeeds (1-10)	8
SPY audit (1-5)	4
Bonus points (1-10)	8
Score	29.09



Americans do not pay attention to who's running for president, and—more and more—do not vote.

Now, at last, prospective candidates are taking the public's lead and not running for president. This is the year of the noncandidate.

Within the space of a few months Governor Mario Cuomo, Senator Bill Bradley, Senator Sam Nunn, Loud-mouthed Defender of Nazi War Criminals Pat Buchanan and every single well-known Arkansas Democrat (Governor Bill Clinton and Senator Dale Bumpers) all announced they were not running.

Since their announcements, all the noncandidates have achieved greater respect from the press. This is because political journalists require charismatic candidates for their political journalism to seem interesting. This year, with nothing but a bunch of youngish Jimmy Carters officially vying for the Democratic nomination and George Bush the front-runner in the other party, inscrutability takes the place of actual charisma, and the noncandidates ride high.

82 The Garbage Barge

1986 rank	---
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	6
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Gordon M. Boyd of the Legislative Commission on Solid Waste Management said, "For anyone who works with waste, the barge has been like a religious experience"	7
Misdeeds (1-10): Atlantic Coast subjected to a two-month cruise of 3,186 tons of garbage; TV viewers subjected to endless coverage of same	7
SPY audit (1-5): A source close to the garbage barge's owner says the trip cost \$1 million	2
Bonus points (1-10): Ever protective of sovereign waters, Mexico mobilized its powerful coast guard, and Belize alerted its 15-plane air force	7
Score	27.16

83 Animals

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	2
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10)	3
Misdeeds (1-10)	9
SPY audit (1-5)	1
Bonus points (1-10)	7
Score	26.60



In the last three years pit bulls have killed 20 people and attacked over 170 New Yorkers. Pro-pit-bull forces have said that pit bulls don't kill people, bad pit bull owners do. While New York bids farewell to its pandas, zoo security measures are tightened. By 1990 swarms of Africanized killer bees will have reached the U.S. A somewhat hysterical friend writes:

Civilization, which we've spent such a long time bringing up to a level above that of our fleecy friends, has suddenly become one big, wild party. A party where polar bears and pit bulls and rodeo horses loll on cushy chairs and guzzle human blood out of gallon cocktail glasses, wolf down small children and Commerce Department officials wrapped hors d'oeuvres—style in pastry dough.

Fine. But why merely breed savage dogs with faces like garbage disposal units, feeding them hot sauce to make them cranky and swinging them around by their teeth? Let's make sure the city is a terrifying bestiary, with no phone booth safe for use because they all have some hateful ape living in them to jump out and bite us on the face.

84 Billy Joel

1986 rank	91
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	7
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Misunderstood and maligned for years by an unfair press that has chosen to see him as arrogant, Joel showed enormous sensitivity during his Soviet Union shows by only intermittently excoriating his untrained, insufficiently enthusiastic audience	1
Misdeeds (1-10): Oh, none to speak of	0
SPY audit (1-5): \$2 million is what he says he'll lose on the Soviet tour (not counting damage to the piano and microphone he vented his anger on)	3
Bonus points (1-10): As he slimmed down he came to resemble Roy Cohn more and more	9
Score	26.50

86 Jessica Hahn

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	4
Mitigating factors (1-10): Detonated juicy sex scandal among preachy, lizardy religious right	8
Misdeeds (1-10): Subsequently indulged in lurid bathos, saying she felt "like a piece of hamburger" thrown in the street; frequent teary cover girl for <i>New York Post</i>	6
SPY audit (1-5): Chose to keep silent for money—but managed to collect only \$115,000 of \$265,000 promised	4
Bonus points (1-10): Aspirations to be a <i>Playboy</i> secretary (see <i>The Usual Suspects</i> , page 20, this issue)	7
Score	26.29

88 Maryam d'Abo

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Funny name nettled copy editors at the countless publications that printed puff pieces on <i>The Living Daylights</i>	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Blandest, dimmest, least talented Bond girl ever—and that includes Tanya Roberts, Britt Ekland and Jill St. John	6
SPY audit (1-5): The new <i>Bond</i> is the most lucrative: \$14,372,250 U.S. gross in its first week	3
Bonus points (1-10): Quoted in <i>Playboy</i> : "It's 1987, and the girl I play is no longer just a sex object, one of those rits-and-bum characters"; posed naked with a cello on the next page	8
Score	25.14

91 Pop Goes Performance Art

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Eric Bogosian is able to make a living	7
Misdeeds (1-10): Rightfully obscure performance art now accessible to mainstream audiences: Lincoln Center's "Serious Fun!," PBS's <i>Alive From Off Center</i> , Spalding Gray's <i>Swimming to Cambodia</i>	6
SPY audit (1-5): Tickets for "Serious Fun!" were \$25; 12 different shows, 24 tokens to get uptown and back downtown... $25 \times 12 + 24 = \$324$	4
Bonus points (1-10): Reviewers saw the midtown disco 4D's downtownish "space opera variety show" and found it "old-fashioned"	7
Score	24.59

85 The Condom Glut

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	4
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Disease transmission and unwanted pregnancies may be prevented	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Marketing blitz by prophylactic manufacturers; subway ads scream, DON'T GO OUT WITHOUT YOUR RUBBERS; National Condom Week declared on nation's campuses; the Year of the Condom declared by the <i>New York Post</i>	8
SPY audit (1-5): 1986 sales: 500 million	2
Bonus points (1-10): Carter-Wallace Inc. introduced wallet-size "Trojan request cards" (MAY 1 PLEASE HAVE A BOX OF TROJAN BRAND CONDOMS), saving women the embarrassment of asking	8
Score	26.31

87 Gloria Steinem

1986 rank	89
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	3
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	5
Mitigating factors (1-10): Donating money from <i>Marilyn</i> to the Marilyn Monroe Children's Fund	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Monroe has become a blank slate on which sensitive, caring biographers scrawl their own concerns. Steinem's interpretation: Monroe was a protofeminist and would have made a great veterinarian	7
SPY audit (1-5): Got \$1 million for <i>Ms.</i> from wacky heiress Sallie Bingham after publishing puffy cover package by and about Sallie Bingham	4
Bonus points (1-10): Her attempts to mate with longtime guy—sexist zillionaire Mort Zuckerman	6
Score	26.23

89 Sarah "Fergie" Ferguson, Duchess of York

1986 rank	87
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	4
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Bucked royal tradition by having fun; answered taunts about her weight by losing 25 pounds; took part in celebrity medieval joust on <i>Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous</i>	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Kept royal tradition of encouraging that every action be covered by alternately fawning and nasty media; excessively dimpled	7
SPY audit (1-5): Gets \$35,000 salary "working" as part-time editor for Swiss publisher	4
Bonus points (1-10): With her tiresome, self-absorbed sister-in-law, spent a day at the races jabbing the behinds of gentry with umbrellas	6
Score	24.71

90 Amy Carter

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	3
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	3
Mitigating factors (1-10): Achieved the unachievable!—was dismissed from Brown University, where students have to fail three courses in a year before even being considered for dismissal	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Dyed hair black; in cahoots with Abbie Hoffman; car towed away when tickets for repeated parking violations were not paid	7
SPY audit (1-5): Parents Jimmy and Rosalynn will save approximately \$17,700 in tuition and expenses this year	3
Bonus points (1-10): Lived in a co-op where only vegetarian food was served	9
Score	24.62

92 Movie Colorization

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	4
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Drew Woody Allen out into the open; sparked debate on which was worse—rationalizing by procolorization mercenaries or sanctimonious handwringing by its opponents	3
Misdeeds (1-10): Drew Ginger Rogers out into the open	6
SPY audit (1-5): The \$450,000 it costs to colorize a movie could finance independent projects by soon-to-be-overrated young directors	3
Bonus points (1-10): Hypocritical moment for Allen, the director of <i>What's Up, Tiger Lily?</i> as well as some untampered-with films	8
Score	24.05



93 Gourmet Ice Cream, Proliferation of

1986 rank	74
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	5
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Otherwise health-conscious young professionals are getting fat	7
Misdeeds (1-10): 1,600 varieties of frozen desserts available in the U.S.; entrepreneurs marketing themselves as hayseed ice-cream operators (Steve's, Ben & Jerry's) or pseudo-foreign confectioners (Häagen-Dazs, Frusen Glädje)	6
SPY audit (1-5): \$2 for a DoveBar; frozen novelties, including desserts served in individual portions, is a \$1.6-billion-a-year market	4
Bonus points (1-10): Earlier this year, Ben & Jerry's introduced Cherry Garcia ice cream	6
Score	23.59

95 Dwight Gooden

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	3
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Still brilliant; endured Dick Young's columns	8
Misdeeds (1-10): Taped "Just say no to drugs" commercials—then announced he'd been saying "Well, maybe just this once" all year; spent a significant part of the off-season in police custody; missed the ticker-tape parade	8
SPY audit (1-5): Continued to draw \$30,000-a-week salary while in drug rehab program	3
Bonus points (1-10): Ditched his fiancée, who then "met him" at an airport and was arrested for illegal possession of a handgun	6
Score	22.83

97 The Beatles

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	0
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Paul McCartney will get some songwriting help from Elvis Costello	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Not the lads themselves, but the turmoil around them: strained <i>Sgt. Pepper</i> -mania; the CD fuss; sacrilegious sneaker commercials; and poor Ringo pitching wine cooler	6
SPY audit (1-5): Nike paid \$500,000 to use "Revolution" for a year	4
Bonus points (1-10): Apple is suing Nike over "Revolution"—but McCartney is venal enough to license Buddy Holly's "Oh, Boy!" (he owns the rights) to Buick for an "Oh, Buick!" commercial	8
Score	20.22

99 Looking Sharp and Talking Nice

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	2
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Transit workers dazzled IRT regulars with splashy new pin-striped denim ensembles; token booth clerk activewear will debut this fall; life-style-threatening courtesy training hangs over cabbies and token clerks	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Token clerks continue to ignore customers' questions; cabdrivers still greet passengers with prolonged phlegmy noises; cabbies were handed a dress code instead of a Baedeker	7
SPY audit (1-5): A violation of the city's new dress code will cost cabbies \$25	3
Bonus points (1-10): None	0
Score	13.85

94 South Street Seaport

1986 rank	62
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	2
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	2
Mitigating factors (1-10): Draws tourists and sharply dressed young people to one spot, like a bug zapper, thereby easing congestion elsewhere	5
Misdeeds (1-10): Forced gentrification continues Manhattan's metamorphosis into a filthy, upscale mall; as tourists pay to board the <i>Peking</i> and watch scrimshaw demonstrations, Wall Streeters loosen their yellow ties and suck back kamikazes till they can proposition their secretaries	9
SPY audit (1-5): \$8 for a piña colada on the upper level of the Fulton Market Mall	5
Bonus points (1-10): None	0
Score	23.15

96 Anne Rosenzweig

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	3
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): As vice chairman in charge of visuals, has boosted "21" to two stars from Bryan Miller; has resisted the trend among chefs to wear a baseball cap	6
Misdeeds (1-10): Wants a younger generation of go-go up-and-comers; drafted menu for a "21 Breakfast Club"—Al Goldstein joined under an alias	7
SPY audit (1-5): The "21" burger will cost you \$22.75	4
Bonus points (1-10): The wine cellar still holds Ivan Boesky's magnums of '61 Mouton Rothschild	6
Score	22.38

98 SPY's J&B Scotch Promotional Supplements

1986 rank	--
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	4
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	0
Mitigating factors (1-10): Innovative; helped new, irreverent magazine pay printer's bills; superior to conventional "advertorials"	8
Misdeeds (1-10): Relentless; consumed 10% of pages in new, irreverent magazine; dangerously blurred distinction between editorial and advertising material	6
SPY audit (1-5): A meager \$102,000 in fiscal year 1987 revenues for new, irreverent magazine	4
Bonus points (1-10): Made easy jokes at expense of Jay McInerney, Con Ed and New Jersey	5
Score	19.98

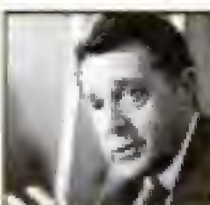
100 Blackened Redfish

1986 rank	94
Inherent loathsomeness (1-10)	1
Number of SPY issues mentioned in	1
Mitigating factors (1-10): Burned food can now be recycled as stylish cuisine	4
Misdeeds (1-10): Dish's popularity has led to the threat of a Tex-Mex-like Cajun glut; its epidemic trendiness prompted Commerce Department to limit redfish harvesting due to extinction fears	5
SPY audit (1-5): K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen in New Orleans reaps about \$611,520 a year from blackened redfish (about 23,520 redfish fillets sold each year, at \$26 each)	3
Bonus points (1-10): Pretext for frequent visits here by obese Dom DeLuise clone Paul Prudhomme	4
Score	13.45

KING KONG VS. GODZILLA



How satisfying it is when a pair of monsters take each other in a death grip and tango across the landscape, all roars and snapping mandibles. Public sympathy might sometimes lie a little bit this way or a little bit that, but in general the people look forward to a mutual-destruction scenario, preferably before too many innocent bystanders get hurt. This past year not a few of the creatures in our midst caught the late-afternoon-movie spirit, and we watched hoping against hope that they would disappear into the sea and off the edge of the Earth together, clawing and clinging and braying to the end.



Casper Weinberger vs. George Shultz



Nancy Reagan vs. Donald Regan

Steve Ross (No. 37) vs. Herb Siegel

Julian Schnabel (No. 50) vs. Mary Boone

Jerry Falwell vs. Jimmy Swaggart vs. Jim Bakker

Donald Trump (No. 3) vs. Ed Koch (No. 20)

The Miami Herald vs. Gary Hart (No. 25)

Bernhard Goetz (No. 10) vs. James Ramseur, Troy Canty et al.

Joan Rivers (No. 53) vs. the Fox network (No. 73)

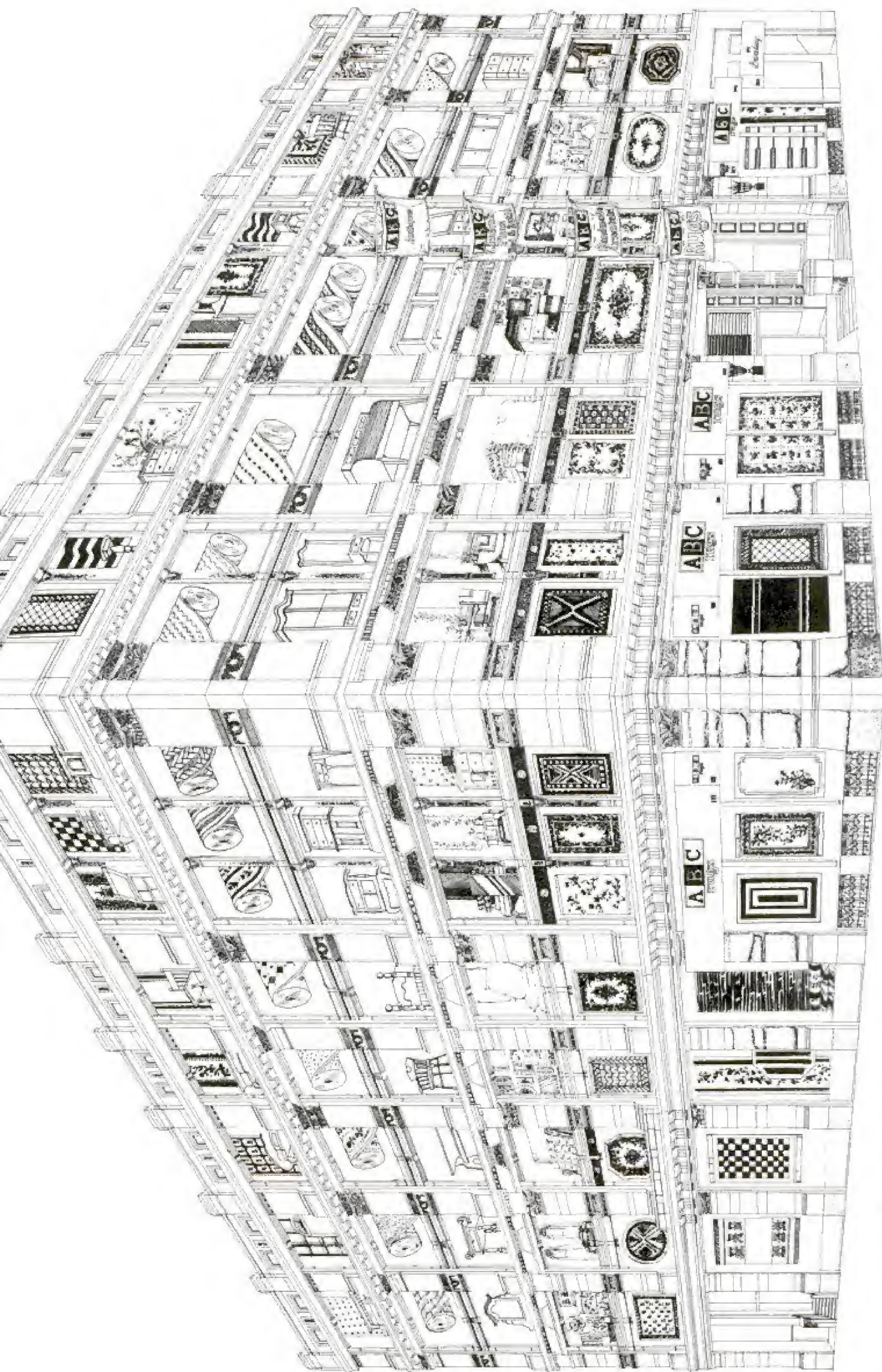
Mort Zuckerman (No. 13) vs. former owners of The Atlantic



Mort Zuckerman (No. 13) vs. Henry Kissinger—over the Columbus Circle project

Joan Collins vs. Peter Holm (jointly No. 6)

John Cardinal O'Connor (No. 30) vs. Ed Koch (No. 20)—the phony I-beg-to-differ conceit of their proposed book



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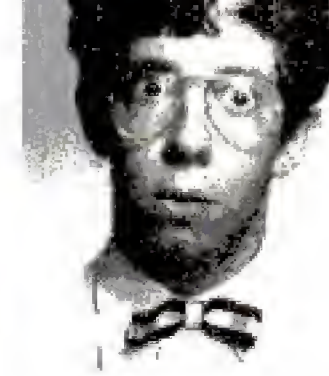
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Even as the rest of us were tossing out our youthful dreams and Moby Grape records and turning into contemptible bourgeois creeps, a few never-say-die dudes and chicks stayed behind. For them, the sixties never ended. ERIC KAPLAN unearthed dozens of these holdouts—*still living among us*. He rapped with them for days and wrote it down, and here it, like, is.

The poster tacked up near the door **the** says LOST SOULS' DAY. It is Sunday. Religion, of a sort, is on the minds of those in attendance. But these dozens of young New Yorkers have



W R I T E R
K A P L A N,
W H O W A S
B O R N
I N 1 9 6 7

ties! Quiet as they are, they are seeing the music, tasting the space, smelling the forces. The year? Prepare yourself: 1987. ✱ What

goes on here? Are these people actually *grooving*? Do they all love one another? Is anyone named Sunshine? They already are turned on—are they planning to tune in, to drop out, to interweave their own consciousnesses with an inconceivably multifaceted cosmic consciousness? ✱ What gives? Didn't all the hippies

go away? ✱ When I first encountered this residual pack of bearded trippers, a 20-year time warp in the middle of Manhattan, I was astonished and set out to make sense of it. If you read your newsmagazines and your slick

that paperback novels, you know me and my generation—we're the ones who don't **time** remember John F. Kennedy's assassination, the ones constantly looking for an

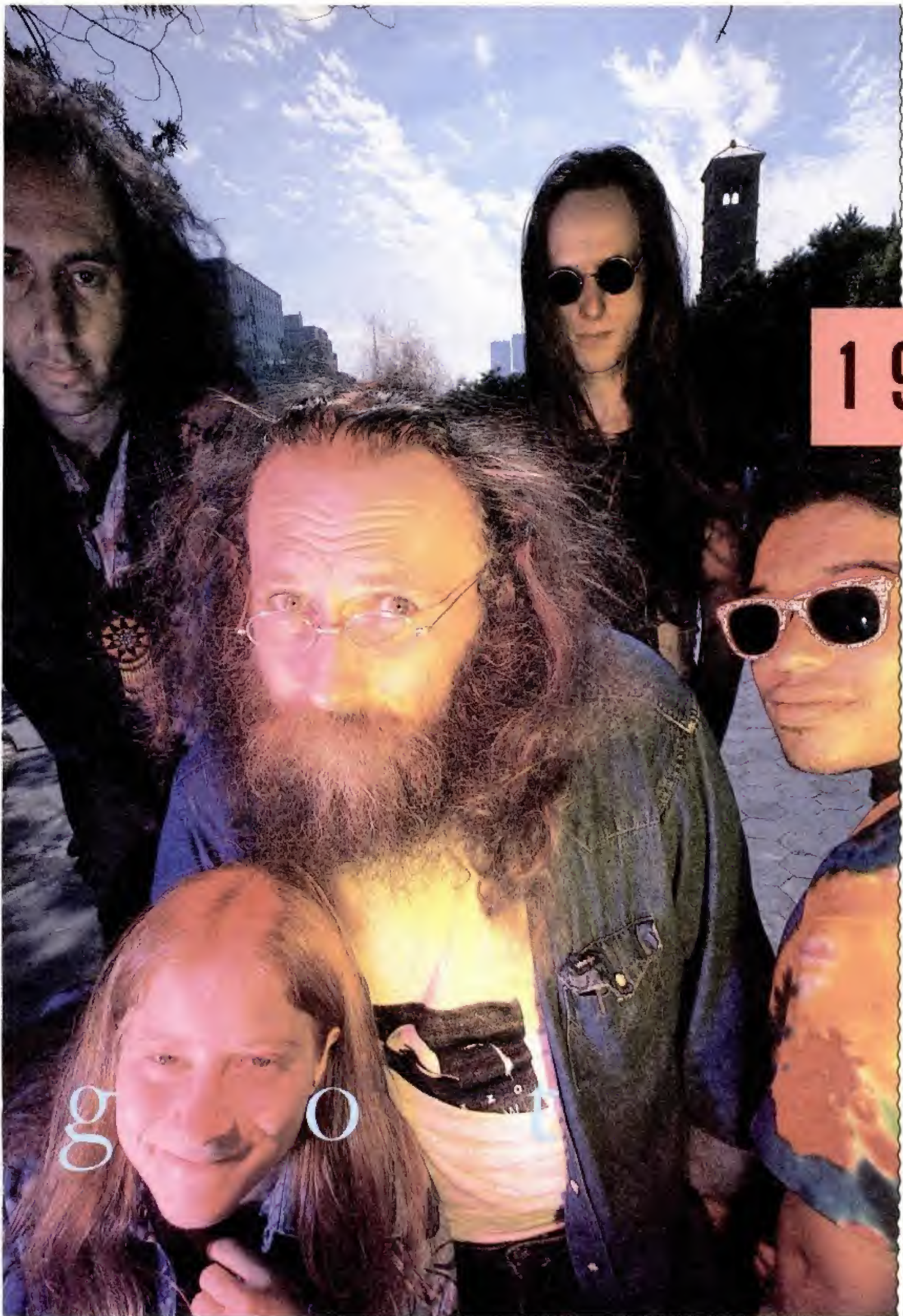
endless round of kicks that never satisfy, wary of easy answers after the disappointment of the Vietnam and Watergate years, reconciled

to the status quo more from apathy than **from** any deep-

ly felt conservatism. We're TV watchers, and we're habitually flip and unwilling to take anything seriously—an attitude that masks a deep insecurity and lack of

h i p p i e s

gathered not to sip bad coffee and eat sugar doughnuts with the minister and chat about pew rehabilitation. They're here to gobble LSD. Thus, *Lost Souls' Day*. ✱ Here at the Asylum, a club on Ninth Avenue, the band playing in back is called the Snakes. The man handing out the LSD from a big paper blotter says the printed picture into which the drug is impregnated—a furry skull—is “some good death art.” ✱ The acid man's hair? A strawberry red, down to his shoulders. His ring? Yin and yang. The people experiencing the psychedelia, their clothes as **f** black as the interior of the club, are subdued. The partygoers talk, they greet one another, they pass joints, they sit on couches and stare, mute. But *inside their heads*: oh, the immensi-



It's

1987,

but some among us have refused to abandon the 1960s, including, clockwise from front left, psychedelic poster gallery employee Paula Kleinhandler, light-show artist Captain Whizzo, psychedelic poster gallery employee John Casalin, LSD party thrower Carlo McCormick and psychedelic poster gallery owner Jacoeber Kastor.

"Like, there's no way

I'm  going

to buy into that ri-

diculous everyone-

has-to-like-each-

other  thing.

Because as a mat-

ter of fact, there

are people who are

hippies  who

I actually hate"

purpose. For want of guts or verve or because of our impure, selfish hearts, we aren't levitating the Pentagon—we're looking for jobs. Maybe it was this generational lack of purpose that made me start to notice the hippies who were still left. To someone over 30 they may seem pathetic quirks, living museum pieces. Hippies in 1987 may be pathologically nostalgic, losers who are to the 1960s what Joe Franklin and Roseland Ballroom habitués are to the 1940s. But to me, a flip, 20-year-old TV addict constantly looking for an endless round of kicks that never satisfy and wary of easy answers after the disappointment of the Vietnam and Watergate years, something about those who never abandoned the countercultural life of the sixties was compelling.

I resolved to go on a quest for the real, living sixties people. My search was not for hippies who had accommodated our coldhearted decade by whittling their dreams down to the dimensions of a marketable object—a shrink-wrapped quartz crystal or a tube of organic toothpaste. And not for those eighties burghers who, with a small smile and weren't-those-the-days reminiscences, commemorated the twentieth Summer of Love anniversary. Rather, I would find those free souls who had kept the faith, who had never surrendered—*who still dared to look and sound ridiculous*. And to make the search more meaningful, I would find them in New York City, where the competitive life rips along at its most merciless. Would they show me how, by taking a step backward in time, I could take a hundred forward, and reach a magic and pure reality far away from my greedy, uptight one?

I found that when the tide of tie-dyes finally swept out in the early seventies, some hippies remained in peculiar tidal pools where they continued with their own language and worldviews and folkways. The pools vary in size, from a lone man selling magic crystals on 8th Street to the extensive Rainbow Family that holds a Woodstock-style gathering each year. The pools vary in vintage too. The Yippies at 9 Bleecker Street are living in a self-flattering 1969 paranoid fantasy world of narcs and feds, pot busts and the underground.

On the other hand, a man named George and his followers, who work to preserve the memory of the Garden of Eden (a kind of people's park on Forsyth Street), are, despite their headquarters in a 12th Street junk shop, living a back-to-nature hippie dream. George prowls the city's sidewalks and leaves purple footprints all over Manhattan that lead to the site of the garden. His intention, *of course*, is to force the hand of the Establishment and make it tear up the streets, thus ending this febrile nightmare of steel-and-concrete-skinned square-angled Manhattan and making way for the good city—a solar-powered New York composed of circular dwellings arranged in concentric circles around gardens. George's aphorism for this plan ex-

plains everything: "Paradise is underfoot—*dig?*"

I was not interested in survivors of the virtuous, rational sixties. They have endured as well, in the Green Party and at WBAI, fighting gentrification and supporting the Sandinistas, but they seem to be too serious in their engagement with contemporary reality, even if they are inspired by the appropriate age. The true, unaccountable survivors are like Japanese soldiers flushed out of the jungle 10, 20, 30 years after V-J Day, still serving Emperor Hirohito. In their various ways, today's hippies manage to do battle in and take shelter in the mental landscape of the 1960s. Here are a representative few.

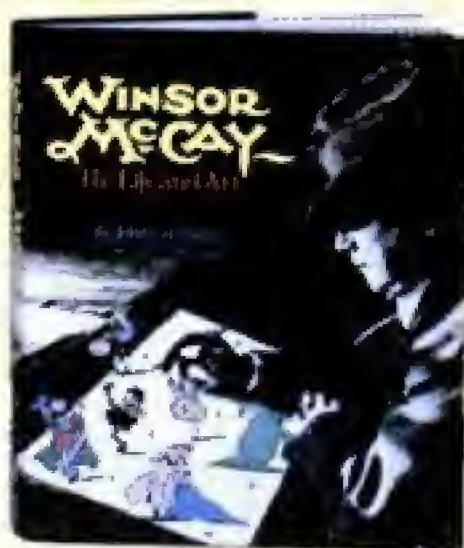
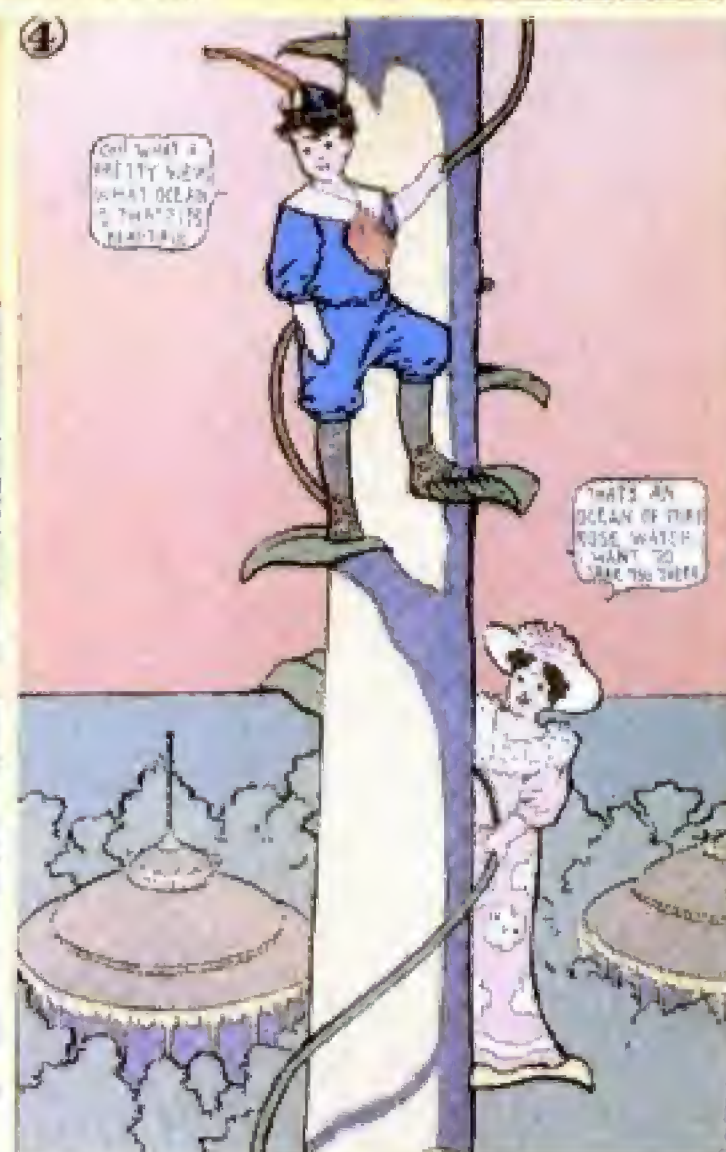
THE ACID PRINCE. Hippies and parties—the vegetarian earnestness and the crazy laughing fun: to understand where that combo is today, follow a poster that says LOST SOULS' DAY in balloony Fillmore West letters, through an open door, to Carlo McCormick. Carlo thinks for a living—he is a critic for *Artforum*—and on the side he throws parties.

Acid parties—*free acid parties*. He started them in 1985 as a sort of moral-uplift philanthropy—he was having guilt pangs about the amount of money he was making manning the doors at chichi nightclub parties. The LSD, he says, "cuts down the attitude" at parties, lets people see one another as equals and lets Carlo play Jethro Tull and Led Zepelin records without people getting all snooty. But serving his notion of morality in this overprudent day and age means more than simple Golden Rule decency. You remember the sixties—remember *living on the edge*, remember *treading close to the abyss*. So the people at Carlo's parties take LSD, which always has the chance of sending a user off into demon territory. And to give a little extra push in that direction, at Carlo McCormick's acid parties people watch movies of naked women getting whipped. It's existential and *it's a party too*.

A LURID DIGRESSION. *Surviving hippies are not necessarily dull or unoriginal. Carlo's hero is the Boston artist Alex Grey, whose work Carlo has reviewed. Grey once did a performance art piece in which he cut his hair, put a real human brain on it and then abused the brain in an unattractive way. Now, the point is that all of us, when we've seen a human brain in an anatomy class, have had the urge to give the thing a little dig. Stick our pinkie into it as if to say, Hey, you thought you were pretty great once. And now you're just wrinkled meat. And I guess the thing thinking these thoughts, which is me, will be like that someday, too. Ironical, huh? But Grey actually did it, like a frat guy from another dimension, to bring to life the mind-body paradox.*

But back to Carlo. He's the son of two college professors, and his intellectual side predominates. Though a couple at one of his recent parties left still tripping and clambered aboard the next available

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plane to Jamaica, he finds it hard to get away from his work to take LSD, let alone vacations. He needs time at home to *think*. The thoughts he thinks are, he says, balanced and tolerant. He doesn't look down on conventional 1987 young people, he says, even though they *are* "really out of touch with them-

in a mutated form, like . . . people like me who, like, know better. Like, there's *no way* I'm going to buy into that ridiculous everyone-has-to-like-each-other thing. Because I know it's not true. Because as a matter of fact, there are people who are hippies who I actually hate."

WHERE TO GAWK:

A 1987 Field Guide to Hippies in New York City

PSYCHEDELIC SOLUTION. 33 West 8th Street. Swirly poster gallery.

LA LECHE LEAGUE. 1026 62nd Street, Brooklyn. Wholesome hippie women. With babies.

INTEGRAL YOGA INSTITUTE. 227 West 13th Street. Ashram.

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK. Dozens of the generally more unsavory holdover hippies; periodic Yippie marijuana smoke-ins.

THE MIND'S EYE. Tramps, 125 East 15th Street. Once a month: bead curtains and go-go dancers.

THE NEW YORK ASTROLOGY CENTER. 63 West 38th Street. What's-your-sign? for money.

HALLUCINOGENIC MUSHROOM PEDDLER. 6th Street and First Avenue. He says, "Hi, want some mushrooms?"

COUNCIL ON ECONOMIC PRIORITIES. 30 Irving Place at 16th Street. Even saner, more serious activists.

WBAI RADIO. 505 Eighth Avenue, at 35th Street. Flat-voiced colloquies on pagan lesbian poets.

ANYTHING GOES UNLTD. 111 East 12th Street. Junk shop and think tank dedicated to making New York a solar-powered, circular commune.

SHAMBHALA TRAINING. 49 East 21st Street. Enlightenment hot spot.

HEAD SHOPS. 247 West 42nd Street; 8th Street and Fifth Avenue; West 4th Street and Sixth Avenue. Stop 'n', like, *shop*.

LEARNING ALLIANCE/WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE. 339 Lafayette Street. Sane, serious activists.

TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK. Amid Ukrainians, Puerto Ricans, failed neo-expressionists and \$500,000 co-op owners, miniature be-ins.

HIGH TIMES. 211 East 43rd Street. Marijuana trade magazine.

YIPSTER TIMES. 9 Bleecker Street. Wacky, bitter anarchist cell.

EAST WEST BOOKS/HIMALAYAN INSTITUTE OF YOGA SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. 78 Fifth Avenue. Wisdom of the mysterious west side of Fifth Avenue.

LOVE SAVES THE DAY. 119 Second Avenue. Cool, quirky adult toy store with drug initials.

THE MACROBIOTIC CENTER OF NEW YORK. 611 Broadway. Meditation, brown rice, healthier-than-thou.

INTEGRAL YOGA NATURAL FOODS. 250 West 14th Street. Soya and the lotus position.

TEMPLE OF THE TRUE INNER LIGHT. 335 East 9th Street. Mural out front says **THE PSYCHEDELIC IS THE CREATOR.** Knock.

THE NEW YORK OPEN CENTER. 83 Spring Street. The whole new age shebang. —E.K.

HIP CAPITALIST. "You ever get the feeling that everything is breaking all the time, everything is falling apart? To me, it's *reality*, man. Everything's falling apart." The speaker is Jacaeber Kastor, creator and owner of the 8th Street gallery Psychedelic Solution, an important fixture in New York's neocounterculture. When the Dead are in town, it is one of the places Dead Heads go looking for . . . *whatever*. When the gallery has an opening, Aaron, the angry, tubby emissary from the Yippies, comes, as do missionaries from the Temple of the True Inner Light. Inside, a continuously running videotape shows what the sixties characters look like now. Wavy Gravy, the vagabond jester who served breakfast at Woodstock, looks like Mason Reese in old-age makeup. Ram Dass, the Harvard psychology professor who did early work with LSD and became a Hindu and talks like a California sex therapist, reels off the names of mind-altering chemicals. Framed on the walls are the purple and yellow swirly women and skulls and balloony letters advertising (was it *considered* advertising back then?) Blue Cheer and Country Joe and the Fish.

When the posters were current, in 1967, Jacaeber—or Jay—was ten. Born white and hip in Berkeley, he has been gorging at the all-you-can-eat psychedelic buffet ever since. He is a longhair just now, as he was at least twice before (in the late sixties and late seventies), but his hair has, at various times, been shaved off, twisted into dreadlocks and then curled into an Afro so he looked "Puerto Rican." He has done it all—or, anyway, what passed for *all* 15 to 20 years ago: LSD trips in search of other spiritual planes and ESP; jail on a drug bust; expulsion from a ski team; vegetarianism; liquidarianism; iridology; and a succession of faiths—Nyingma Tibetan Buddhism (human thighbone trumpets and visualizations of tiny universes), Zen (sitting and getting hit with sticks), Rastafarianism (the late emperor of Ethiopia was God), Kundalini yoga (sending a "coiled snake" at the bottom of your spine up to the "thousand-petaled lotus" in your head). And, finally, New York.

"Talk about compromise now—oh, boy. I'm a small businessman now, so you really have to kiss ass to, like, even *exist*. I had to learn how to pay all these taxes and have paperwork all the time." Now he has to charge money, hire people, chide them to work harder. "Back in the sixties, that was a real touchy, touchy thing, and, you know, 'Ooh, *hiring* another *human being*,' you didn't want to get into a head trip where you're better than the person you're

selves. They don't really know how to have fun."

Indeed, when it comes down to it, he isn't as faithful a facsimile of the sixties as he might be. The sixties, he says, are "coming back with a real edge." But not with complete fidelity. "It's coming back

hiring. Where I came from you couldn't notice anybody's race, creed, religion, color. . . . It's not like I'm prejudiced about anything, but I mean, hey, you know, girls *aren't* the same as guys." And he's come to see the difference between hippies who live on the street and are poor and have long hair, and bums with long hair *just because they're unkempt* who hung out in the gallery and smelled it up and had to be kicked out. "It felt really weird, feeling, *Why are people at the psychedelic store kicking people out?* We had to do it. We never would have done that in the sixties. Now it's, like, I've seen so many fucked-up people it's, like, not that hard. . . ."

But Jay maintains that although his approach has become more worldly, he hasn't really jettisoned the sixties sensibility. He still takes LSD, but now, instead of using psychedelic drugs to veer to the edge, he uses them "to keep balanced. I'm not always trying to get out onto the astral plane now," he says, without irony. "I just try to understand how I can get through *this* system and succeed without having to compromise myself."

GOD'S NOT DEAD. Not all 1987 holdover hippies are as pragmatic and sophisticated as Jay. A prophet—a prophet with eyes like a dog at the pound—stands and speaks in a doorway of the storefront Temple of the True Inner Light on East 9th Street. A piercing, rank smell blasts out of the store, which is crowded with motorbikes. The prophet Michael is so slender, I can see his heart beating.

Michael tried to determine whether I was looking or seeking. He knew who I was—*really knew*, he said, because he had once been as I. I pursued a life following the temptations of money and approval, Michael told me, but it was an empty life. It never left me truly satisfied, I learned from Michael. I lived my precious stay on Earth in a flight from true consciousness, it turned out; I tried to dull and diminish it any way I could. Michael said this was deadly sin. And so he offered me a way out. Through communion at the temple (held Monday to Friday from 6:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. and on Saturday from noon to 9:00 p.m.), I could have a direct experience of God as pure light.

I consulted my Filofax. Darn. I was busy every weekday evening and Saturday through 1991.

The eucharist with which they take their communion is, as it says in the temple's broadsheet, "Dipropyl Tryptamine, a very powerful Angel of the Host, closely related to Psilocybin and not on the U.S. government's list of controlled substances." At communion DPT is ingested by smoking and takes effect with powerful hallucinations within seconds.

The first tenet of temple theology is the equation *God = consciousness = the psychedelics*. Are those equal signs, I ask, figures of speech? Is the equation a sort of imaginative language to get everybody

thinking? *No*. Temple members mean each of those equal signs quite earnestly and absolutely literally. The actual chemical structure and physical existence of DPT, they maintain, *is* God. Scientists synthesize God, and if you eat it or smoke it, that's God you're eating or smoking.

Communion is open to the public, and, considering the certainty of a life in hell without it, we are advised to attend. There is a catch, however: before smoking any DPT you must declare that if you, during communion, hear the Holy Spirit testify and then *not* join the temple, you will be in a state of deadly sin for which there is no forgiveness. There was a temple member who left once whom they call Judas. Though the news hasn't appeared in the papers yet, this Judas, late of East 9th Street, is, according to the temple, the head of our world, which is the body of Satan. I asked for a name, a country; they wouldn't get more specific.

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHER. Leo's apartment—"in the East Village, of course," he told me over the phone—was like a little museum, jammed full of pop culture detritus from 1968: Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media*, Lenny Bruce op posters, Haight-Ashbury posters, dog-eared psychedelic postcards and dusty psychedelic record albums, freestanding dust, clay pipes, huge Ziplocs of marijuana and—could such things be?—plastic, proto-hippie troll dolls with the navels and blowy hair and pug noses. On each of two windows was a mandala decal. On the mirror a sheet of paper said NOTHING in giant computer type. Leo (not, alas, his real name) has had the apartment since 1970 and had hung out there since 1968. The only more recent items I noticed were a lamp, minus the bulb, that Leo had designed in the shape of a mushroom cloud, and a copy of *The Tower Commission Report*. Only its conspiratorial subject matter kept the glossy *Tower* paperback from being an anachronism.

Leo has blond hair to his shoulders, a close-cropped gray-flecked beard, squinty eyes. His wife, Wendy (also a pseudonym), is a *Rocky Horror* alumna with dyed blond hair and black-framed futurama glasses. She knelt at a drafting board and injected an occasional mordant comment into Leo's rap. Leo delivered it in the simultaneously sardonic and earnest manner of the hipster of long ago: a stretched-out deadpan, dragged on and drawled almost to the point of parody.

Like so many of the never-say-die sixties creatures I encountered, Leo is a theorist stewing in his own musky intellectual juices, a social critic-cum-monologist who is his own most respectful audience. One by one he picked out details of contemporary life and shook them, bashed them, rejected them. *Saturday Night Live*? *Bah*. People enjoy jokes because they "become acclimated to jokes, so they want jokes about the usual comedic modali-

The Woodstock

Festival, he re-

called,  was

"horrible. This

whole hillside had

turned into, like,

this  mud hill,

and it had this

reek. It was crowd-

ed with people, and

you had  to

walk among them

in this muddy gook"

ties." Complicated adult emotions? *Bab*. Today, with the conquest of disease and famine, he says, "anyone's life is duller than the example given in movies . . . [so] everybody turns their lives into a soap opera." And the centerpiece of the sixties—

rock 'n' roll? *Bab*. "From the conservative point of view, there's no better phenomenon than rock 'n' roll. . . . A whole bunch of people yelled and screamed. But nothing's happened . . . statistically."

After he had reviled and dismissed my present and left only his cache of hippie icons floating in front of me, Leo groused about his sixties as well. "I ended up at Woodstock. I didn't bother listening to the music. It was too horrible to try and sit there. This whole hillside had turned into, like, this mud hill, and it had this *reek* to it that was too much to take. It was really difficult. The place was crowded to the gills. The whole hillside was crowded with people, and you had to walk among them in this kind of muddy gook. And the stench was intense."

While we were talking a young man and a young woman were led in, the young woman in a dress, the young man in a button-down shirt. Wendy got to the point. "I suppose you're here for that wonderful blotter acid we had last week?"

It was 1966! Now as then, square kids from suburbia were beginning to filter into the Village to get turned on. *Square kids*? I was mistaken. "I want to say," the girl said, awestruck and shy, "that I had half a hit and it was just *so beautiful*."

Leo nodded. And then he said what any acid head would have said 20 years ago in reply. "It's made," he announced, "by *Owsley*." Then he sold them his LSD at \$5 a hit. Wendy handled the retailer pleasantries and Leo was sardonic and the kids left.

I had been hoping to find friendly, hopeful hippies with values I would find heartwarming and could condescend to. Instead, I just condescended. This permanent hippie had created no new worldview and kept no sustaining faith in the old one. I tried to maneuver him into saying that something was better than something else, to value some value. "I'm better at figuring out the inconsistencies if somebody wants this or that. That's how I criticize things. . . . It's not the moral question, it's more of a logical question." At last: a hippie logician.

Not just logic, it turned out—hippie calculus, pure hippie research, M. C. Escher-ism run amok. "I'm a mathematician," Leo said finally, a little annoyed at my attempts to pin him down. "Here, look, tons of things. Here, this, tons of stuff, here!" he said, becoming excited for the first time, moving around the room, picking up handfuls of proofs and theorems and shoving them at me. "Little mathematical notes and things!" He showed me a Rubik's Cube-like device shaped like a star. "See this? I invented that! . . . It was a great way to make money!" Finally he handed me a piece of graph paper on which a triangular design was drawn. Would it, at last, explain the sixties? "If you count the little triangles that are coming up in each column," Leo said, "you get 1, 1, 2, 1, 3, 2, 3, 1, 4, 3, 5, 2, 5, 3, 4, 1, 5, 4, 7, 3, 8, 5, 7, 2, 5, 8, 3, 8, 7." ☺

YOUTH (AND FORMER YOUTH) SPEAKS: *The 1960s vs. the 1980s*

ON SEX

HIPPIE IN THE SIXTIES: "I have quite a few close friends, and we are likely to make love whenever the opportunity presents itself. We're almost all heads, and very hang-loose. . . . And I really enjoy sharing my bed with another warm critter . . . and if that critter cares to initiate any sex play, I'm generally agreeable." (woman quoted in *The New Communes*)

SIXTIES HIPPIE TODAY: "You've gone from having this reproductive instrument to having a pleasure probe." (Leo, the dyspeptic philosopher)

YOUNG NEOHIPPIE TODAY: "I used to dance in front of the television set. . . . I always wanted to be a go-go dancer on a stage. And it's fun. It's completely harmless. Completely harmless. You just sort of go with how it feels." (Anne, 23)



ON THE COSMOS

HIPPIE IN THE SIXTIES: "I think that there are exquisite and complex harmonies at many different levels of energy in the universe, and that this harmony involves a consciousness of the interwovenness of organic life and inorganic life. I think, thought, that this incredible process of evolution is contin-

ually surprising itself, and amazing itself and delighting itself and freaking itself out with what it's doing." (Timothy Leary)

SIXTIES HIPPIE TODAY: "I've explored a lot of regions which are valid, but what I've discovered is they're all just back eddies. . . . There are places you can, like, visit but not live in." (Jacaeber Kastor, the gallery owner)

YOUNG NEOHIPPIE TODAY: "The farther you look toward outer planes, the more introspection is needed to find out what you're really after." (Richard Levey, 19)



ON POLITICS AND THE ESTABLISHMENT

HIPPIE IN THE SIXTIES: "A totality emerges that renders the word *political* meaningless. . . . A sense of integration possesses me that comes from pissing on the Pentagon: combining biological necessity with emotional feeling." (Abbie Hoffman)

SIXTIES HIPPIE TODAY: "My dream would be that the generation would rise up and demand justice and equality once again for everyone and strike down the conservative and very rightist quality of life that we have

breathing down everybody's neck." (Mary Krapf, former member of The Living Theatre)

YOUNG NEOHIPPIE TODAY: "I think people have their political views, but the scene isn't based on the views. It's definitely not political. Keep in mind that people are going out to have a good time or whatever. I think you'd like to leave a lot of that behind you when you go out." (Ivy, 23)



ON DRUGS

HIPPIE IN THE SIXTIES: "Can a person be human without LSD? Or, let us say, without THE PSYCHEDELIC experience? The answer . . . is a highly qualified, cautiously rendered, but emphatic, definitely NOT." (The *East Village Other*)

SIXTIES HIPPIE TODAY: "If you're a potential indoor grower looking for good advice, an occasional potsmoker who's been fired by a urine test, or just a devoted head in search of the perfect high, then you need HIGH TIMES as much as we need you." (advertisement for *High Times* magazine)

YOUNG NEOHIPPIE TODAY: "I want healthy children, and I know if you take drugs you're not going to have healthy children." (Anne) ☺



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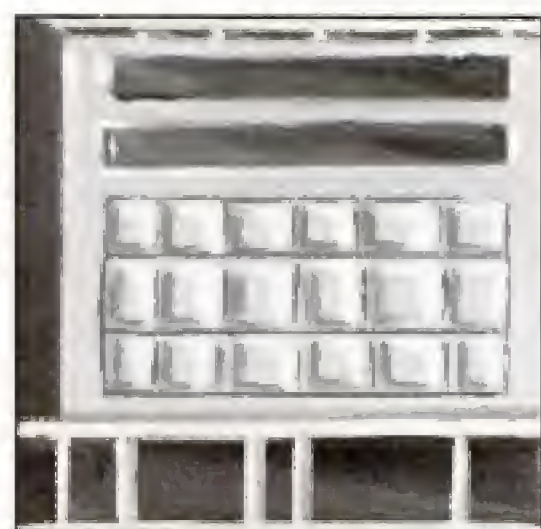




CHERYL KORAIK



How to tell the difference between the Museum of Modern Art and a hair ball



AN INFECTIOUS UNIFORMITY is complicating our lives these days (a problem Patty Marx has also addressed in SPY—see “A SPY Guide to Things That Are Confusing,” last October). Copycat designer clothes, look-alike athletic uniforms, formula romances, the post-Warhol doubt that a soup can *really is just a soup can*—today, as never before, there are an amazing number of Things That Seem the Same. Symptom—or sickness? Who knows? But now that most of the men on the Upper East Side look like Robert Chambers and most of the women on the Upper East Side look like the woman who does the funding drives on Channel 13 (who looks like the woman on the Bloomingdale’s ads), more than a few New Yorkers are getting frightened. And confused.

This ice cream I’m eating here as I stroll up Columbus Avenue with my investment banker friends: is it Ben & Jerry’s—or Steve’s? Are those Top-Siders Top-Siders—or Timberlands? This pile I’m standing in front of with my date: is it Neo-Geo art—or debris? Should I wipe it off my shoe—or buy it? That woman there: is she Martha Graham or Louise Nevelson or Diana Vreeland? Or Gloria Vanderbilt on a very bad day? Why are both the men and the women in this ad wearing what looks like men’s underwear? *Are* those men? And is this SoHo—or Madison Avenue? Is this the Hamptons—or the Cape? Is this a dance club—or a railway tunnel?

Where am I?

To help clear up some of the confusion—and as part of SPY’s ongoing outreach program to all citizens of the tri-state area—we have devised the following portable, easy-to-use primer. ➡➡➡

*A Pocket Guide
for the Bewildered*

Modern Person

BY DAVID IVES



SMALL DOGS

SMALL CHILDREN

Similarities

1. smell
2. noise
3. unexpected, messy bowel movements
4. like to roll on floors and sleep on top of blankets
5. disgusting food habits
6. make unintelligible sounds at all hours of the day and night
7. should be aired every day
8. tend to be fawned over by bothersome women in the park

Differences

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. more hair | 1. less hair |
|--------------|--------------|



NEW YORK POST

THE VILLAGE VOICE

Similarities

1. tabloid
2. politically hysterical
3. owned or formerly owned by Rupert Murdoch
4. like to run large, vulgar photographs on the cover
5. lots of exposés
6. lots of AIDS stories

Differences

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. daily | 1. weekly |
| 2. prefers exposés about celebrities | 2. prefers exposés about policemen |
| 3. does not like Robert Wilson | 3. likes Robert Wilson |

LAS VEGAS

BROADWAY

Similarities

1. sleazy surroundings
2. expensive
3. many patrons wearing clothes made of synthetic fibers
4. straight plays uncommon
5. Jackie Mason performances not unusual

Differences

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. located in Nevada | 1. located in New York |
|----------------------|------------------------|

WALL STREET

RIKERS ISLAND

Similarities

1. many drugs available
2. convicted felons
3. many business deals of a shady nature
4. open day and night
5. sexual deprivation and/or lack of suitable exercise, leading to...
6. bad skin
7. lots of tension, leading to...
8. very bad manners

Differences

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. power ties | 1. no power ties |
| 2. increasing numbers of women | 2. very few women |



PAINTING BY JULIAN SCHNABEL

YOUR GRAND- MOTHER'S BASEMENT

Similarities

1. old, broken pottery
2. flaking paint
3. bits of fur and antlers

Differences

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. mentioned in <i>New York</i> magazine | 1. not mentioned in <i>New York</i> magazine |
| 2. priced at \$60,000 | 2. worthless |
| 3. owned by rich people | 3. owned by your grandmother |



A SHOT OF JACK DANIEL'S AT THE OAK BAR (59th and Fifth)

A SHOT OF JACK DANIEL'S AT RUDY'S BAR & GRILL (45th and Ninth)

Similarities

1. about one ounce

Differences

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. costs \$5.75 | 1. costs \$2 |
| 2. long walk to the toilet | 2. the toilets are very close by |
| 3. the person you're sitting next to is just visiting town to close a deal | 3. the person you're sitting next to has been sitting there since 1943 |
| 4. lousy conversation | 4. dialogue straight out of <i>The Iceman Cometh</i> |

METROPOLITAN OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA

Similarities

1. Lincoln Center
2. vulgar decor
3. very large people shouting

Differences

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. <i>Parsifal</i> ,
<i>Wozzeck</i> | 1. <i>South Pacific</i> ,
<i>Kismet</i> |
| 2. tickets are \$75
a pop | 2. tickets are
\$32 a pop |
| 3. many slightly
overweight,
asexual men
who've been
buying full
subscriptions
for years | 3. lots of tourists |
| 4. Luciano Pavarotti
sings there | 4. Tony Roberts
sings there |

LEXINGTON AVENUE IRT

NEW CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS

Similarities

1. underground
2. dark
3. overcrowded
4. costs to get in
5. death all around you

Differences

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. moves,
sometimes | 1. does not move
at all |
|------------------------|----------------------------|



ED KOCH

AN OLD TIRE

Similarities

1. no hair
2. roundness, rubberiness
3. avoid the topic of sexuality around
election time
4. physically unappealing

Differences

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. lives at Gracie
Mansion, on
East River | 1. floats in the
East River |
| 2. was a friend of
Bess Myerson's,
then dropped
her like a hot
potato | 2. is not conscious,
hence could
not know
Bess Myerson
and <i>could not</i>
<i>possibly</i> have
known about
improprieties |
| 3. Democrat | 3. unaffiliated |
| 4. Jewish | 4. Baptist |
| 5. irritating, nasal
voice | 5. no voice |



MoMA

A HAIR BALL

Similarities

1. no similarities

Differences

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1. made of steel,
concrete and art | 1. made of hair |
| 2. sold its air
rights for condos | 2. has not, as of
this writing,
sold air rights |



LIFE

THAT NOVEL YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON

Similarities

1. seem to have something to do with
you as an ontological being

Differences

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. leads to no
satisfying
conclusion | 1. you think
it will be
satisfying once
you figure out
how to fix that
section that's
been giving
you so much
trouble |
| 2. has mysterious
and possibly
divine origins | 2. is transcribed
pretty much
directly from
your journal 3 |



A Loony True Tale of Upper East Side Townhouses,

Eurotrash Scoundrels, Death Threats at the Hilton,

Swiss Banks, Caribbean Corporations, Central Amer-

ican Exile, Richard Nixon's Search for a Condo—

AND EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW TO

MAKE A FORTUNE IN TODAY'S EXCITING

REAL ESTATE MARKET! BY JOHN SEABROOK

NO MONEY

The first man who, having enclosed a piece of ground, bethought of himself saying, "This is mine," and found people willing to believe him, was the real founder of civil society.—ROUSSEAU

CHAPTER ONE

An Introduction

Many and obvious are the allures of Manhattan's real estate market, and many are its snares, though not as obvious, not to the small-time, inexperienced investor. We are speaking here of the individual or group of individuals, often friends, who yearn to purchase and renovate a building, both to satisfy their own real estate needs and to profit by selling co-op or condominium space to outsiders. It seems straightforward enough, this arrangement, as easy as shooting fish in a barrel. But in fact even the relatively trifling real estate transaction is a complicated, subtle affair, full of excitement and fraught with uncertainty, often ending, for the untutored amateur,

in disappointment.

What follows is a lesson for the aspiring investor. It is a real-life story—an account of two blue-chip Manhattan townhouses and of the two highly innovative deal makers who acquired them. In it, we hope, the fledgling property owner will find some creative solutions to the problems he typically may expect to face. The word *creative* merits extra emphasis here. Today's New York landlord is roped and tied by hundreds of irritating restrictions, from zoning ordinances to tenants' rights legislation to a variety of biblical prohibitions. The mayor of the city of New York is working hard to loosen many of these restrictions, but the present environment

remains a hostile one. Therefore, the canny investor must function creatively. What is investor creativity, exactly? The concept is easier to illustrate than to explain. Accordingly, let us introduce two outstandingly creative individuals, Enrico "Chico" Frigerio and Raphael Cohen, the two principals of our model real estate deal.

Our contact with these two exemplary deal makers was necessarily oblique. Mr. Cohen is stingy with his trade secrets, as any professional of his unique accomplishments would be. Mr. Frigerio is on the lam, wanted in three countries on an impressive assortment of criminal charges that include conspiracy, embezzlement, drug trafficking, attempted murder and laundering money for the mob. Fortunately, however, the partners sued each other, and so a wealth of court documents exists in which both experts discuss some of their original business innovations. Of course, the partners occasionally disagree on a detail or two, as even the closest associates

DOWN



11 and 15 East 70th Street

will sometimes do. For example, did Mr. Frigerio steal the two townhouses from Mr. Cohen, or did Mr. Cohen steal them from Mr. Frigerio? Did Mr. Frigerio have Mr. Cohen doused with gasoline and threatened with incineration in the New York Hilton—that is how Mr. Cohen remembers it—or did they merely have a “rather animated conversation” about ownership, as Mr. Frigerio recalls?

Such petty discrepancies are of no concern to us here except insofar as they prove instructive. Bear in mind, then, that (1) memory can be capricious and (2) gasoline can be a useful bargaining chip in complex negotiations.

QUESTIONS *for* DISCUSSION AND REVIEW

1. Is shooting fish in a barrel easy?
2. Jesus said, “The meek shall inherit the earth.” Discuss with reference to prominent Manhattan property owners.

CHAPTER TWO

The Property

1. *Finding the Property.* The first step in any successful real estate endeavor is finding a suitable property. Though it need not be

abound. The key here is to be alert and opportunistic. Stroll around. Keep your eyes open.

Say you are strolling along the north side of 70th Street, from Madison to Fifth, one of the most glorious, genteel stretches of pavement in all of New York. You are perhaps going to admire the Frick Collection, housed in Henry Clay Frick’s mansion at the end of the block. Just east of this mansion, beside the little English garden with a fishpond in its center, stand two magnificent limestone townhouses, both historic landmarks, 11 and 15 East 70th Street. They are both built in the French Classical manner, with graceful wrought iron railings in front, molded windows, and stone balconies with balustrades that at midday throw shadows across the polished facades. In summer two sycamore trees shade the sidewalk, and there is a scent of flowers from the garden next door. It is a spot as peaceful and pleasant as any in the city, and an address that, given the means, many New Yorkers would happily make theirs. And yet had you strolled by here in the late 1970s, you would have found these townhouses empty and badly neglected, with soot on the limestone and grime in the bead-and-scroll molding, and an odor of mildew flowing up through the grates in the street.

Were you an alert opportunistic investor, you would have said, “Oho! These buildings are empty. I think I will buy them!”

property owner, the market is by no means limited to dentists, Third World dictators and officials of the Episcopal Church. Unmoneyed players *can* enter the game; the question is, how? Bank loans are difficult to obtain from respectable institutions if you don’t have a track record (for a notable exception, see “Cohen’s Construction Loan,” below), and though loan sharks may be consulted, their interest rates tend to be unattractively high.

A wiser option is the one Mr. Frigerio chose in financing the East 70th Street properties. He assiduously cultivated the friendship and trust of six wealthy, gullible Italians, whom for brevity’s sake we shall call the Six Gentlemen of Verona, and used *their* money, about \$250,000 from each, to make the cash portion of the payment. In return he promised each Gentleman a one-sixth share of the eventual profits from resale. Of course, this promise was a mere formality (wealthy people are often impressed with ceremonial touches like these), and soon Frigerio was selling an additional one-sixth share to a seventh, eighth and ninth Gentleman; altogether he promised as many as 20 Gentlemen one-sixth of the two properties.

The question arises: Can’t you be thrown into prison for this kind of thing? Answer: Not if, like Mr. Frigerio, you have the foresight to be born in a Swiss town on top of the Italian border, and to be president of a shadowy international trust company called Finagest, which specializes in finding tax-free foreign investments for Italian clients.

You see, as is the custom in many countries, Italians are supposed to pay taxes on their money, and those taxes tend to be high when the government has to buy a new brass name plaque for the prime minister’s door every few months. However—and again one finds parallels elsewhere in the world—some Italians prefer not to pay taxes; instead, they prefer to smuggle their money across the Swiss border and place it in numbered Swiss bank accounts, where it is managed by discreet Swiss trust officers such as the worthy Frigerio. Should the trust officer elect, as did Frigerio, to misappropriate the client’s money, and should the trust officer furthermore threaten to expose the client as a tax evader if the client makes so much as a peep to the authorities—well, then, the client has *uno piccolo problema*. At the very least there will be fines to pay, per-

BUT MACULAN HAPPENED TO HAVE A GLASSFUL OF GASOLINE HANDY, WITH WHICH HE SATURATED COHEN; THEN, BRANDISHING A LIGHTER, HE AGAIN ASKED COHEN TO SIGN THE DOCUMENT

especially desirable, or even habitable, still, the more attractive and conveniently located your property is, the higher your profits are likely to be. It is an amazing but true fact in Manhattan that anyone, even a dangerous criminal, can become the owner of property in an extremely elegant neighborhood, where investment opportunities

Were you, furthermore, a debonair Swiss financier named Enrico Frigerio, you would have bought them in 1980 for \$2.4 million—\$1.2 million of it in cash, the rest in two assumed mortgages.

2. *Affording the Property.* Though personal wealth is useful for becoming a Manhattan



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haps prison. The social standing of the Gentlemen of Verona will plummet to that of the Merchant of Venice. Also, Frigerio has been dropping the names of his friends in the Bolognetta family.

3. *Concealing Your Purchase.* A leisurely yet stimulating perusal of the deeds in the City Register of New York yields the following observation: a large portion of Manhattan Island is, it seems, owned by Netherlands Antilles corporations. Surprising? Manhattan, originally a colony of the Dutch, is now, contrary to the beliefs of historians and patriots, a colony of a colony of the Dutch. However, an equally leisurely yet stimulating chat with a tax lawyer clarifies this misconception. These corporations are not actually *owned* by Netherlands Antilleans. They are what are known as shell, or dummy, corporations.

Q: *Why have so many businessmen bothered to create dummy corporations in the Netherlands Antilles?*

A: Because the Netherlands Antilles is a beautiful place.

Q: *Beautiful, you mean, because of its sun-kissed beaches and sparkling surf?*

A: No, beautiful because until very recently, it (1) did not require that capital gains tax be paid on real estate transactions and (2) permitted corporations to be anonymously owned.

The beauties of tax evasion have already been touched upon. Anonymous ownership, a favorite pastime of celebrated Manhattan landlords such as the Marcoses, is accomplished by means of the "bearer's share."

When Frigerio formed a Netherlands Antilles corporation called Odebra to own the East 70th Street townhouses, he was issued stock certificates, or bearer's shares. Setting up the business this way means that the shares, hence the corporation, hence the buildings themselves, belong to whoever happens to have these certificates in his possession. If, for example, Frigerio were one day to lose possession of the shares, and if they were to turn up in the possession of, say, Raphael Cohen, then Frigerio would have a difficult time proving he owned the buildings. His difficulty would be compounded by the fact that he did not really own the buildings, having already effectively stolen them from the Six Gentlemen of Verona. And of course the Gentlemen themselves would be un-

willing to claim ownership, since they could promptly be arrested for tax evasion if they did.

CHAPTER THREE

Renovation

1. *The Decision to Renovate.* It is a tried-and-true theory, exemplified everywhere in the city, that Manhattanites prefer small living spaces to large ones. For years developers have worked tirelessly to satisfy their public by dividing once commodious spaces into the now fashionable shoebox-style flat. Their labors have, by and large, gone unsung; their only rewards have been the enormous profits that subdivision has brought them. In 1982 Enrico Frigerio elected to join this happy band of developers. He decided to divide his two East 70th Street townhouses into nine condominium apartments, with room for an art gallery in No. 11.

This decision came at a busy juncture in Frigerio's career. At the time he was actively engaged in enticing German and Spanish investors to buy dubious pieces of Puerto Rican beachfront. He was also trying to persuade an Italian named Cannelli to invest about \$1 million in a project at 130 West 79th Street, the site of the Mount Neboh Synagogue. The plan was to tear down the temple and replace it with a high-rise apartment building. Frigerio had graciously paid an architect to render a possible design of the high rise for Cannelli. However—here's the delicate part—it was important that Signore Cannelli not know that New York's Landmarks Preservation Commission was considering designating the temple a landmark, which would, of course, make any construction virtually impossible. Frigerio

successfully concealed this information, and Cannelli gave him the \$1 million. Two weeks later the landmark designation came through.

With so much on his plate, Frigerio didn't have time to look after the East 70th Street project. He decided to hire a general manager to supervise it for him.

2. *Hiring the General Manager.* New York City is singularly blessed with thousands of people who when asked, "What do you do?" respond that they are "consultants." If you are rich and you ask them this, they will answer that they are "financial consultants." If you are famous, the response will be "publicity consultants." Developers are apt to run into quite a number of "real estate consultants." Such was the good fortune of Chico Frigerio.

Chico had a secretary working for him in his New York office, a woman named Wanda Redetti. Chico told Wanda that he needed someone to manage the East 70th Street renovation, and Wanda mentioned this to her boyfriend, Adnan Mahhouk. Adnan soon took to dropping by Wanda's office, and before long he met Chico there.

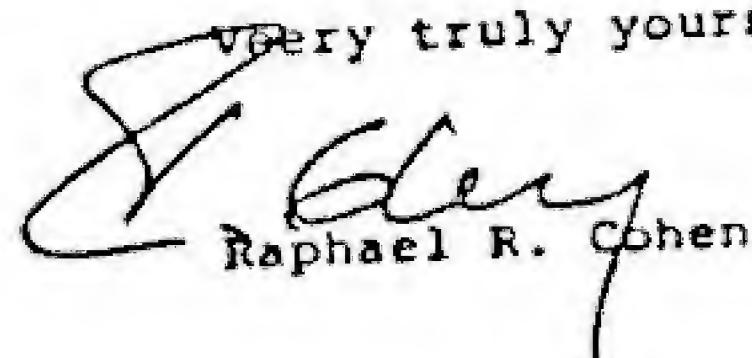
Chico asked, "What do you do, Adnan?"

"I'm a real estate consultant," Adnan

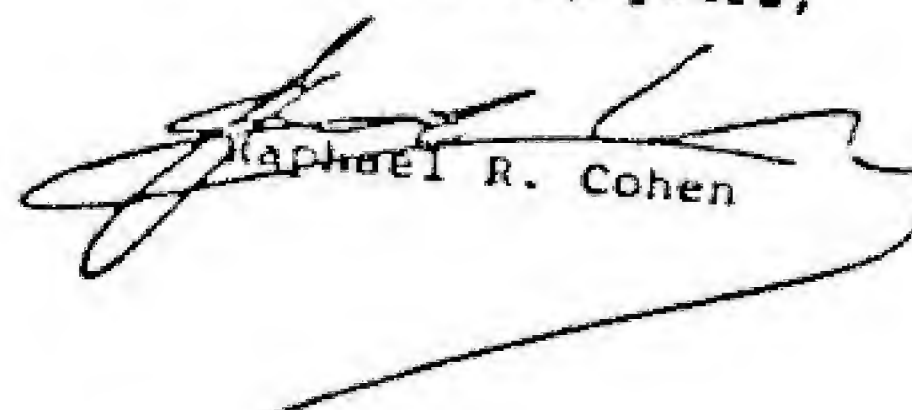
Fig. 1

... to you as soon as pos.

Very truly yours,


Raphael R. Cohen

Very truly yours,


Raphael R. Cohen

The old two-signature routine: one of the many intriguing discrepancies in Raphael Cohen's character

replied.

So Chico made Adnan Mahhouk his general manager.

3. *Firing the General Manager.* Mahhouk, a round, genial man of Syrian origin whose every move is accompanied by a puffing sound, set about the task of being a general manager. This involved getting an additional \$600,000 mortgage, securing a construction loan, hiring an architect and contractor, negotiating with the Landmarks Preservation Commission (Frigerio favored creating new windows in the side of the building that faces the Frick) and figuring out what kind of profit he and Frigerio would make. Mahhouk figured to sell the finished space for between \$400 and \$500 a square foot. They would gross \$11 million and net between \$3 million and \$4 million, of which Mahhouk would get 10 percent (\$300,000 to \$400,000) plus salary (\$54,000 for a year's work); Frigerio and his "investors" would get the rest. This was a great deal more than Mahhouk's usual paycheck, and the excitement of it all, coupled with the strains of his managerial duties, was too much for the portly consultant; he suffered a small heart attack. He took to his couch, which is still just about the only piece of furniture in his 56th Street office, and oversaw the project from there.

Meanwhile, Frigerio went to a cocktail party. There he met Raphael Cohen, who, naturally, introduced himself as a real estate consultant, adding that he was a "sales expert" specializing in the European market. Cohen convinced Frigerio that he, with all of his sales expertise and social connections, could sell the apartments to rich Europeans more easily than Mahhouk could. To Frigerio this sounded like an altogether more expert piece of consultantship than the workmanlike plan Mahhouk had proposed, so Frigerio promptly fired the stricken Mahhouk and hired Cohen to manage the property instead. Mahhouk sued for breach of contract. Cohen went looking for a \$5.3 million construction loan.

4. *Cohen's Construction Loan.* As everyone who has ever tried to get a loan knows, banks can be very fussy about whom they lend money. They make all sorts of unreasonable demands. *Who are you? Where were you educated? Where have you worked? What sort of collateral do you have?*



Happily, Raphael Cohen had answers to all of these demands. His education, as detailed on the résumé he submitted to Robert George, a loan officer with the European American Bank, was quite impressive. Cohen listed a "Degree in Marketing and Economy of the University of Geneva" and a "Polytechnical Engineering degree of the University of Lausanne and Zuerich [sic]." Now, Robert George was a busy man, with no time for fooling around with the alumni records divisions of foreign universities. Adnan Mahhouk was aggrieved but he was not busy, so he checked. Eventually he received from the University of Zurich the following correspondence:

. . . As far as Mr. Cohen is concerned, he is not in possession of a Diploma degree of either school. . . . Furthermore, the expression "Polytechnical Engineering degree of the University of Lausanne and Zurich" used by Mr. Cohen in his resume, makes no sense at all; the two mentioned universities . . . offer no studies in the technical field, but humanities, law and science.

Following the completion of his studies,

Cohen—again, according to his résumé—worked for "eleven (11) years as Department Head of the International Division of Brown, Boveri S.A., a large publically [sic] owned Swiss Company operating on a world wide [sic] basis." Now, this last statement is true—Brown, Boveri *is* a "large publically owned Swiss Company operating on a world wide basis." However, as for Cohen's affiliation with Brown, Boveri—well, again, Robert George was apparently too busy to check. Again, Mahhouk was not.

After having checked our personnel files we are sorry to inform you that no such person is working or has worked with Brown Boveri in Switzerland.

Okay. What about Cohen's track record as a developer? The résumé states, "In 1979 started my own Real Estate activities with offices in Geneva, Lugano, Chiasso (Switzerland), with subsequent offices in New York and Puerto Rico, acting as broker, syndicator, General and Limited Partner in a number of residential and commercial projects in France, Switzerland, Spain and

in the U.S. in cities such as New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, as well as in Florida and Puerto Rico."

Gosh! What a lot of "activities"! No company name mentioned—no need to burden the European American Bank with details. Later, in a deposition, Cohen testified that his company was called American City Construction. There is indeed a company called American City Construction, for which Cohen worked as a salesman in 1979. According to Richard Zimmerman, formerly an accountant with American City, Cohen sold two condominiums in the St. James Tower, priced at \$1 million each, for which he received a 3 percent commission. Those sales evidently represent the sum of Cohen's "Real Estate activities" prior to applying for the bank loan, unless you count that he had been actively representing himself as president of American City Construction, an activity that ACC found unpalatable and repeatedly tried to stop.

So much for Cohen's character, education and job experience. "There was nothing out of the ordinary" with the application, says Robert George, who is no longer with the European American Bank. One item remained: what was Co-

hen's collateral? Why, the townhouses themselves! "I am in the process," reads Cohen's résumé, "of renovating two (2) Townhouses on East 70th Street in Manhattan, which I fully own, to luxurious Condominium Apartments plus a Prime Art Gallery."

In December 1983, Raphael Cohen received the \$5.3 million from EAB. The contractor, Salvatore Caiola, set to work.

5. *A Point of Confusion to Some.* At this point the apt but perplexed pupil might well ask, "How could the buildings have belonged to Cohen when in fact Frigerio owned them (or, rather, stole them from the Six Gentlemen of Verona)?" There are two answers to this question. The first is, Cohen did own the buildings. The second is, Cohen didn't *really* own the buildings. Got that?

You see, Frigerio, prizing his anonymity, was not keen on applying for the loan and disclosing his interest in Odebra, which, as the owner of the properties, he would have been legally obliged to do. By 1983 his anonymity had become even more valuable to him, for several reasons. Several of the Six Gentlemen of Verona had incorporated themselves in Switzer-

land—anonymously, of course—and their corporation, Hinger Inc., was suing Frigerio. Cannelli, the unhappy new investor in the Mount Neboh Synagogue, was also suing. Mahhouk was suing. The bank might find these lawsuits troubling. Frigerio therefore thought it would be a good idea to create a new holding company, called Buildinvest, to which he would "sell" Odebra, and thus the two townhouses. Cohen agreed that this was a good idea. Frigerio would install Cohen as president of Buildinvest, which meant Cohen could apply for the loan. Cohen agreed that this was a *very* good idea. Frigerio, however, wanted to keep possession of Odebra's shares, the bearer's shares. Cohen didn't like this idea much. *Why not?* Frigerio wondered, and, in a deposition, he remembers Cohen answering that "he needed the stocks to go to the bank and get loans." Cohen also said, according to Frigerio, "You have trust in me, you trust me, I am your brother. You can rest assured that whatever I do for you, on your behalf, is well done." So Frigerio gave Cohen the shares, thereby making Cohen the bearer and hence, through Buildinvest, the nominal owner of Odebra and the East 70th Street buildings.

The transfer took place on March 15, 1983. The price was \$3.2 million, a good deal for Buildinvest, since the properties had been appraised at \$4.3 million just six days earlier. The payment was in the form of \$250,000 cash delivered from Buildinvest to Frigerio, assumption of all mortgages and an IOU from Buildinvest to Frigerio for \$1,550,000. Pavia & Harcourt, Frigerio's lawyers, handled the legal work. However, the firm thought it wise, three days after the sale, to send a letter to Cohen saying that the sale—what with the low price and the large IOU—might well seem to outsiders, third-party creditors and the IRS like a sham.

6. *A Sham?* In other words, did Cohen (Buildinvest) actually pay Frigerio \$250,000 in cash, in which case, by a considerable stretch of the legal imagination, Cohen might be said to actually own the properties? Or did Frigerio simply give Cohen the \$250,000 so that Cohen could give it back? Or perhaps no money changed hands at all. Does a receipt exist? Apparently so, though it wasn't filed with the court papers. Did Cohen forge the receipt? So Frigerio claimed. A lawyer later

How could the buildings have belonged to Cohen when in fact Frigerio owned them (or, rather, stole them from the Six Gentlemen of Verona)?

Renovating Arts On 70th

East 70th Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues is an elegant enclave of the arts. At the Fifth Avenue corner stands the Frick Collection. Near the Madison Avenue corner are the galleries of Hirsch & Adler at No. 21 and M. Knoedler & Company at No. 19.

Between them, however, at Nos. 11 and 15, are two long-empty town houses that are the only shabby properties on a well-maintained block. But now a renovation is going to transform the buildings and strengthen the street's artsy character. A European company, Buildinvest Trading Corporation, is turning them into an art gallery and nine condominium apartments, with the gallery on the ground and lower garden level of No. 11.

Units, with one to three bedrooms, are offered at prices from \$250,000 to \$1 million, according to Raphael Cohen, president of Buildinvest.

which are in the East Side Historic District, are under the jurisdiction of the Landmarks Preservation Commission.



Raphael Cohen, left, and Jay Mathews of Buildinvest.

had a blowup made of Frigerio's signature on the receipt and compared it with the signature on a letter Frigerio had sent to Cohen's wife, and the two signatures matched perfectly. Did Frigerio *himself* trace his signature onto the receipt, so that he could later claim the document was a forgery? (A dedicated Machiavellian could spend years on these details.)

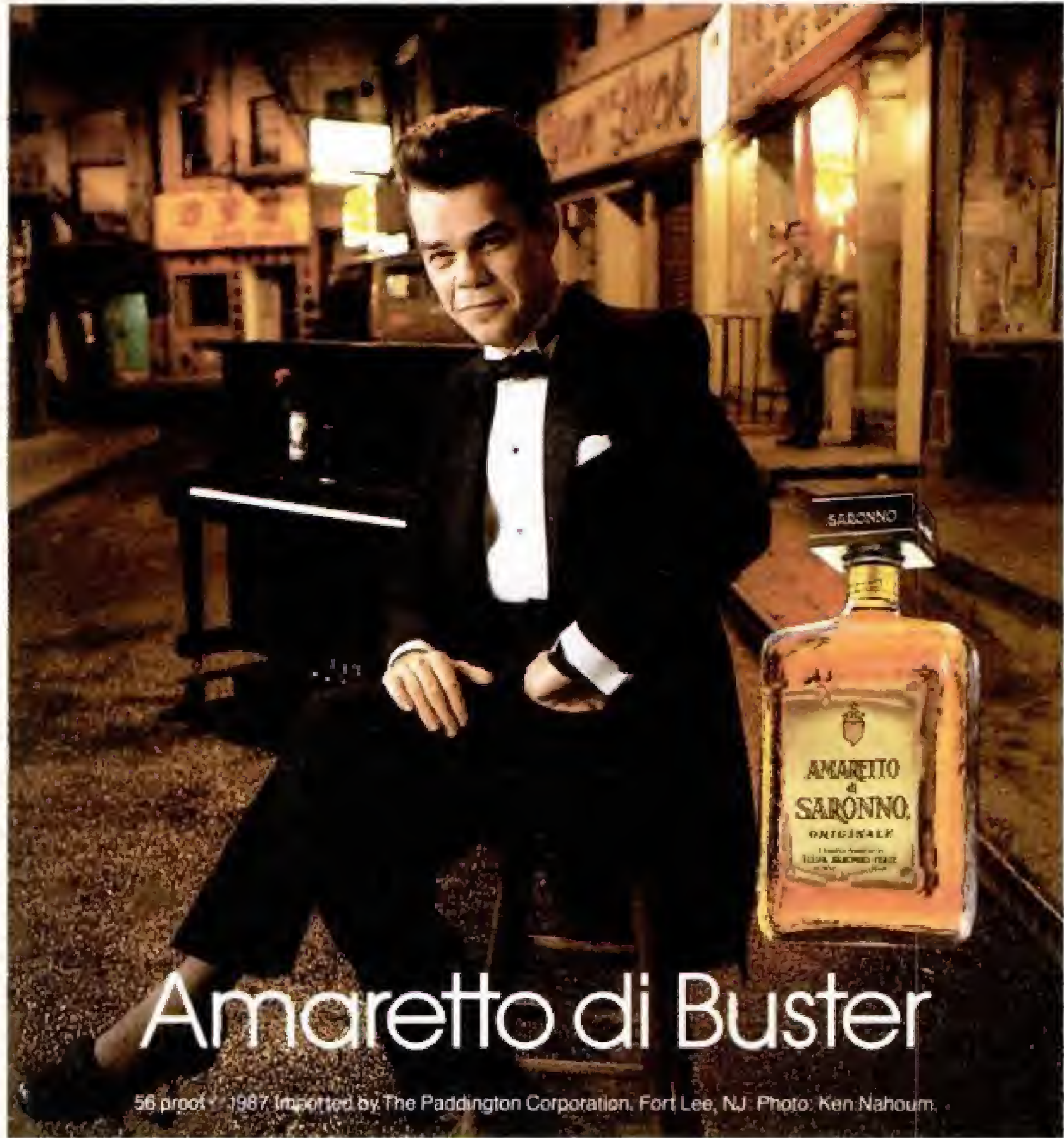
7. Conclusion: A Light in Cohen's Brain. The crucial detail was this: Cohen had possession of the shares. And he kept them after getting the loan from EAB, even though Frigerio repeatedly asked for them back. Frigerio, the wily trust officer, began to regret trusting Cohen; he regretted the day he had conceived of the transfer to Buildinvest. He later testified, "It must have been at that precise moment, in my opinion, when the light went on in Mr. Cohen's brain. That is to say, to invent from scratch that Buildinvest was his—his—and therefore become owner of everything."

QUESTIONS *for* DISCUSSION
AND REVIEW

In the following exchange, taken from a deposition, a lawyer quizzes Cohen on one of the many discrepancies in his personal history, namely the fact that he has two entirely different signatures. (See Fig. 1, page 72.)

Q: Could you explain to me why you have two signatures?
A: Why?
Q: Yes.
A: Because I have a credit card signature and a business signature.
Q: Why do you have two?
A: Because I have two.
Q: Mr. Cohen, I don't understand the answer.
A: Because I have two signatures.
Q: Do you try to fool people with one?
A: It's reality. I have two signatures.

Discuss what Cohen means by *reality*.



CHAPTER FOUR

Unloading the Condos

1. *Advertising.* On any given Sunday, the Real Estate section of *The New York Times* is chock-full of what sound like magnificent opportunities for the prospective homeowner. One-bedrooms for \$500,000. Breathtaking views of Manhattan—from Englewood—yours for \$625,000. With such an embarrassment of riches already available, how can the fledgling developer convey the unique charms of *his* properties? One idea is to name the building after a place or personage who in some way symbolizes what your living spaces are all about. The Saint Simon Stylite, for example. Or The B.F. Skinner: An Experiment in Living.

Then again, some properties are so remarkable that there is no need to advertise in the *Times*. The *Times* itself, populist organ that it is, regularly devotes free editorial space to properties that its editors feel are of special interest to readers. And so, in October 1983, under the headline ARTS

ON 70TH, there appeared a picture of Raphael Cohen (see Fig. 2) smiling, standing proprietorially atop 11 East 70th Street's stoop. Readers were informed that one-, two- and three-bedroom apartments would be available at prices ranging from \$459,000 to \$1 million. In addition, there would be an art gallery in No. 11.

2. *Enticing the Buyer, Part One: The Soft Sell.* Despite the excess of living spaces in Manhattan, some people, whether because of bad luck or unattractive personal qualities, seem to be permanently in need of a home. One of the most avid of these perpetual itinerants is our former president Richard M. Nixon. So it came as no surprise when, shortly after the *Times*'s announcement ran, Nixon himself appeared on the stoop at 15 East 70th Street, eager to buy. The renovations had hardly begun, but Nixon wasn't taking any chances; he put down a deposit on one of the apartments and signed an agreement to buy it. Later the fashion designer Norma Kamali came, and she was so charmed that she

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wanted to buy two apartments. Later still came another person well known to Manhattan real estate brokers—Madonna.

3. *Enticing the Buyer, Part Two: A Romantic Interlude.* There are, of course, many ways to attract buyers. In marketing his hypothetical apartments, Raphael Cohen chose the rather unorthodox route of becoming intimately involved with a client's wife, an Iranian woman named Nahid Janet, who puts in a brief but expensive appearance in Cohen's business expense records ("Nahid Janet—\$10,000—marketing expense"). Cohen was at that time attempting to market his gallery space to the art dealer Christophe Janet, Nahid's husband. One can therefore question the wisdom of Cohen's \$10,000 "marketing expense" on Nahid, at least from a business angle. Indeed, Christophe eventually decided not to take the gallery. Instead, he divorced his wife and punched Cohen in the nose.

QUESTIONS *for* DISCUSSION AND REVIEW

You are a student of the Manhattan real estate world, and, in the interest of furthering your knowledge, you drop in on someone who is experienced in that world, the art dealer Christophe Janet. He has fallen on hard times, you discover. In 1984 he operated a highly visible gallery on East 79th Street; now he works out of two cramped rooms five floors above his former space. When you ask him why his circumstances have changed so swiftly, he says that his divorce ruined him. Well, why did he agree to such a disadvantageous settlement? His wife blackmailed him, he tells you. He says she stole some paintings that had been consigned to him by other people, then threatened to make the theft public, which would have damaged his reputation. None of this sounds very plausible, but that's not the question here. The question is, do you want to hear any of this? You just wanted to talk about real estate. Why is it that real estate always seems to bring out the worst in people? Is it possible to talk about it for very long without feeling just a tiny bit sick?

CHAPTER FIVE

When Partners Disagree

1. *When is a death threat appropriate?* Sooner or later, every partnership suffers a quarrel. *What color would look nice in the dining room? Bidets in the bathroom, yes or no? Should the penthouse be duplexed?* The best way to work out problems like these is to *talk about them*. Sometimes, however, talking is not enough.

On April 19, 1984, Frigerio invited Cohen to a meeting in the New York Hilton. He had a bone to pick with his partner. Frigerio had been receiving disturbing reports about Cohen, reports that Cohen was going around saying *he* owned the townhouses. And, of course, Cohen's refusal to give back the bearer's shares added to Frigerio's discomfort. Frigerio felt the time had come to clear up this misunderstanding. He also felt that the presence of an "investor," a man named Emilio Maculan (of the Bologneta family), might help, as Frigerio put it in his testimony, to "engender a change in [Cohen's] position."

2. *Frigerio's Version of the Meeting.* Memory, as we all know, can play the darnedest tricks; it is simply amazing how differently two people can remember the same event. As Frigerio remembers it, he asked Cohen to sign a few documents, one stating that Frigerio owned the buildings, another rendering void the previous contract between them. Cohen declined to sign. Frigerio said that he would sue Cohen if he didn't sign. Cohen signed.

3. *Cohen's Version of the Meeting.* Cohen and Frigerio walked into the hotel room on West 53rd Street, where Maculan was waiting. Right away Maculan started arguing with Frigerio, claiming that Frigerio owed him money and demanding 51 percent of the East 70th Street properties to satisfy the debt. Frigerio refused to sign the document Maculan had prepared. Maculan then took out a knife and threatened to cut Frigerio's throat. Frigerio signed. Then Maculan came at Cohen with the knife and some other documents, demanding that Cohen sign over the whole of his ownership interest in the properties. Panicking, Frigerio begged Cohen to sign. Cohen coolly refused; he happens to have a black belt in karate ("Believe me, I can

take care of Maculan"). But Maculan happened to have a glassful of gasoline handy, with which he saturated Cohen; then, brandishing a lighter, he again asked Cohen to sign. Frigerio clutched his chest ("I am feeling bad, I have my heart"), but Cohen still remained cool. He signed but not with his business signature: *he signed with his credit card signature!* Maculan, however, had been apprised of the old two-signature routine, and Cohen was obliged to sign his business signature too. The meeting ended with Maculan threatening to take care of Cohen's wife and daughter if he went to the police.

4. *Another Light in Cohen's Brain.* Cohen immediately flew to Switzerland to check on his wife and daughter. In the airplane he began to realize that Frigerio and Maculan were in league, that the threatening of Frigerio had been a ruse, and that he, Cohen, had fallen for it all. So, after securing his family, Cohen decided to bring a lawsuit against Frigerio. Both sides gave depositions, but a settlement was worked out before the suit came to trial. Frigerio gave the two townhouses to Cohen, and Cohen agreed to pay him \$1,550,000, the amount of the original IOU. Why was Frigerio willing to accept such unfavorable terms? For two reasons: (1) because Cohen and Frigerio had made a secret agreement in which Frigerio would share the profits from the sale of the condominiums; and (2) because Frigerio's nonviolent version of the Hilton meeting had suddenly become much less credible. Why was it less credible? Because, goaded by a couple of chums, Frigerio had re-created the fateful meeting for their amusement, acting out the knife part, the gasoline part—in short, all the parts that Cohen had described. Who were these chums? FBI agents posing as chums, who secretly videotaped Frigerio's performance.

In early 1986, Frigerio vanished.

CHAPTER SIX

All's Well That Ends Well

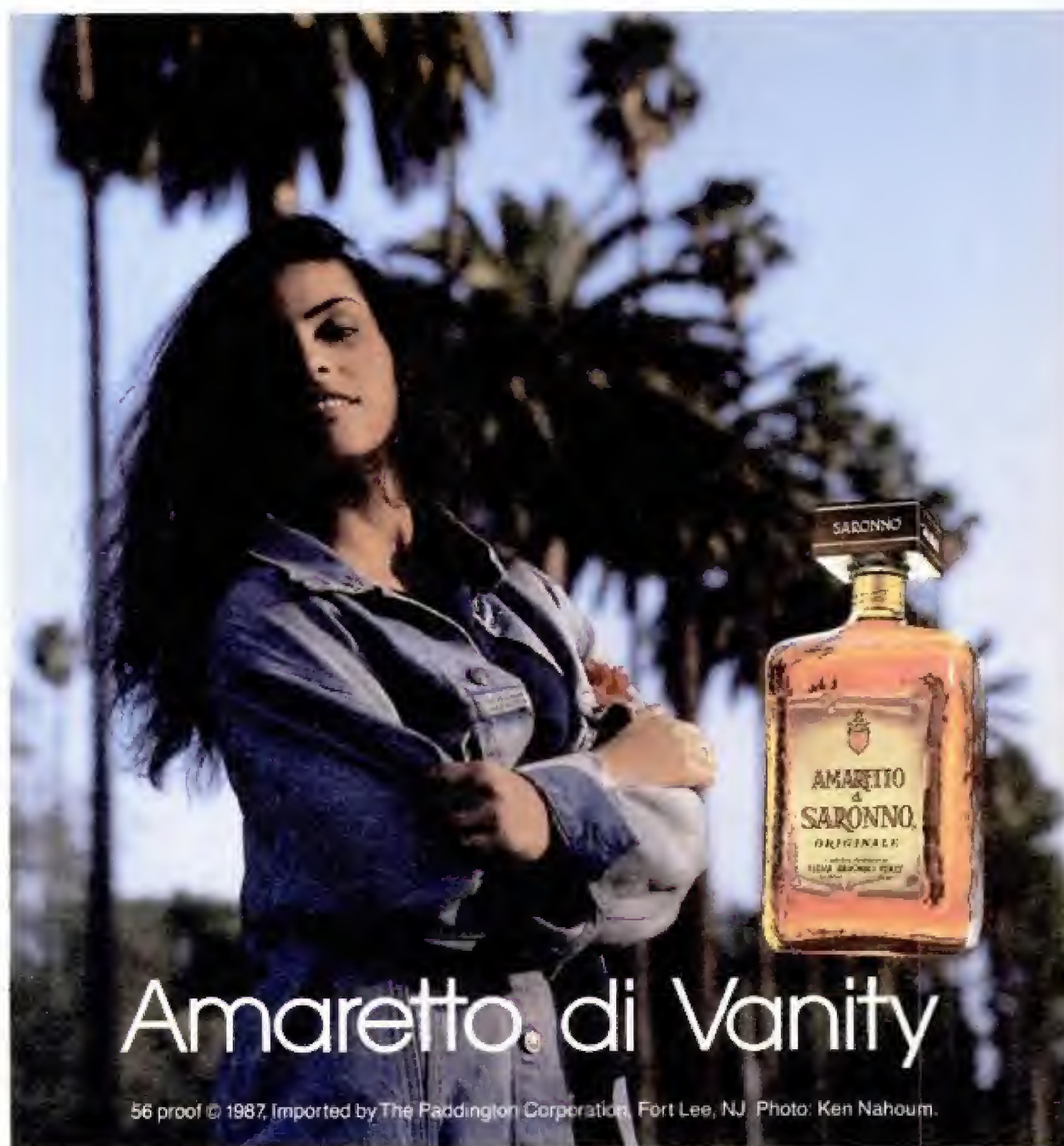
1. *A Brief "Time-out."* Before ending our lesson, we'd like to extend our fondest wishes to every reader who, in his heart, cherishes the desire to be a Manhattan real estate winner himself. We hope our little wisdom, humbly offered, will be of some small use to him in the exhilarating days

ahead. On a more personal note, we'd like to thank our own landlords, past and present, whose thoughtfulness and decency have been an inspiration to us. Finally, a warm *¡Hola!* to Chico Frigerio, who is reportedly hiding out somewhere in Central America.

2. *Lux 3 BR Condo, Bst C.P. blk., etc., etc.* As for Raphael Cohen, he is still, most days, at work in his office, on the top floor of 15 East 70th Street. He spent most of 1986 fighting a legal action brought against him by the State Attorney General for having falsely claimed to own the two townhouses in his first condominium offering plan, which had been filed before he technically owned the buildings. This was a painful and financially disabling time for Cohen. Nixon took back the deposit he had put down and bought a place on East 65th Street; Madonna opted for a co-op on West 64th (just down the street from the site of the Mount Nebo Synagogue, which had been unlandmarked and demolished after all). Cohen's chances of win-

ning his case seemed slim. But as it happened, Cohen hired the politically well connected law firm of Shea & Gould to represent him, and as it also happened, the judge appointed to the case was a former Shea & Gould client; only the year before, the firm had successfully defended the judge against a perjury charge. Might this little coincidence prejudice the judge in favor of Raphael Cohen? The judge didn't think so. He elected to stay on the case, and in October 1986 he issued his verdict. Cohen won.

Nowadays the New Yorker strolling under the sycamores of East 70th Street passes a sign affixed to the gate outside No. 15. LUXURY CONDOMINIUMS—SALES OFFICE, says the sign. It's a very fine neighborhood, the buildings are sensational, the apartments are a dream. And, we are happy to report, they are selling briskly, so briskly that as we go to press, there is only one left: a 1,090-square-foot penthouse priced at \$720,000, which Raphael Cohen, adaptable to the last, is using as his office. ☺



Review
of Reviewers
Review of Reviewers
Extra!
Personal Hygiene
Toys
How to Be a
Grown-up
Politics
Eating



Huff and PUFF



BY MICHÈLE BENNETT

HELLO, EVERYONE! SO: THE KING is dead, again. But of the 65,231 tributes to Elvis across the land on the tenth anniversary of his death, none was more touchingly explicit than Amy Taubin's in the dear old *Village Voice*. "I must stress that I never desired Elvis," she wrote modestly. "Nor did I identify with him. I simply could not help miming, at an all but invisible level of muscular contraction and release—after all, my parents were in the room—his rhythms, his breathing, and his facial expressions. And I was astonished to

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

discover that when I dropped my lower lip, my clit twitched."

Meanwhile, the *New York Post* chose to reprint Jerry Tallmer's searing, 25-year-old tribute to Marilyn Monroe on the 25th anniversary of her death. "The love goddess is dead," he announced, and announced again. "Her name was Marilyn Monroe." Then he got to the nitty-gritty: "If we know anything, we know that the real Marilyn Monroe was the lost and pitying filly of 'The Misfits,' running out across the tablelands in frenzied compulsion against the collective murderous psychopathia of the world into which she was born."

They don't write them like that anymore, but it was a relief to turn the psychopathic pages of the *Post* to read TV critic David Bianculli, on the charms of Dolly Parton and her eagerly awaited TV show, *Dolly*. "Parton's personality really is warm," Bianculli enthused. "And she's smart enough to realize it's her strongest suit." Then he quoted the star herself: "The realer I can stay, even though I look phony, that'll be one of the keys to the success of the show." No argument from Bianculli, or me.

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If only Pulitzer prize-winning Paul Goldberger could be like Dolly. But the more the esteemed architecture critic of *The New York Times* tries to be a man of the people, the phonier he becomes. Here he is, "Cavorting on the Great Urban Staircases," a riveting subject in itself, though only the pedestrian Goldberger is capable of making a cavort like a trudge. "People walk in all directions," he notes (with a blinding eye for detail) of the staircase outside the Metropolitan Museum. "You feel, on this staircase, as free to cut your own path as if you were walking through the Piazza San Marco in Venice." You do? "The steps rise in a comfortable way, too," he trudges on, undaunted. "The ratio of tread to riser, the main factor in the ease with which one climbs a staircase, is just right. . . . It is in the nature of a great staircase that it can be the basis for almost any kind of physical arrangement; some readers sprawl out over many steps, others lie horizontally across a single step, and others sit erect, legs set before them as if on bleachers."

Wasn't that *fascinating*? At least morbid Mordecai Richler, *GQ's* book reviewer, comes clean about himself. "'How much do you get paid for writing that shit for *GQ*?' " he records a gentleman asking him. "'Thousands.' 'Atta boy.'"

But the prose of *Vogue's* wine critic, Mr. Martin "A Symphony in Every Bottle" Gersh, is priceless. "The remarkably fine sparkling and still wines from Iron Horse Vineyards in Sonoma County, California, are so stylish that, for me, they bring to mind eighteenth-century works of art." Here we go! "Like the pastoral canvases of Watteau and Pater, the Paris and London symphonies of Haydn, and the late piano concerti of Mozart. . . ."

Nice touch: "the late piano concerti." Mr. Gersh, you see, not only knows his Iron Horse Vineyards, he knows his concerti. What we have *here*, on the other hand, is a failure to communicate: "Tonal music assumes recognition of not intervals," writes *Voice* music reviewer Kyle Gann about composer Milton Babbitt's new book, *Words About Music*, "but scale degrees (relative distance from the tonic)." Are you with him so far? "The interval in a 12-tone sense is an abstraction that appeared relatively late in history, assuming importance only after *Tristan*. Gestalt theory argues that the influence of context precludes perceptual constants, and

there's no reason interval size should be exempt. In Babbitt's *Canonical Forms*, for instance, I can't hear the similarity between a quick E-flat/G-flat/D motive spread over a ninth and a rising F-sharp/G/A-sharp motive several octaves away, and *if*, according to Babbitt's theology, their near-equivalence is crucial to comprehension, then the piece is incomprehensible."

I agree.

Meanwhile, Marty Peretz, chairman and editor in chief of *The New Republic*, turned art critic on us. In a recent *T.N.R. Cambridge Diarist*, he pronounced that "after the long ascendancy of abstraction, representation is again in vogue." It has been back in vogue for nearly a decade now, but let that pass. His point was to celebrate a portrait of himself by Raphael Soyer, age 87. "The painting captured, said a truth-telling friend, 'the small gentle sliver' of my character," Peretz wrote. A truth-seeking friend writes, "*What does this mean?*"

Stephen "Short" Schiff, *Vanity Fair* critic-at-large and general dogsbody, has a tendency to drool, and I wish he would desist. In a little puff piece on Daryl Hannah, he sums up this "drop-dead gorgeous film actress" as follows: "blindingly glamorous," "exudes Essence of Movie Star," "a creamy blonde goddess," "terrific," "Tinseltown sheen," "the glistening beach kitten" and "screen queen" [see "Girl Crazy," following this column]. If that wasn't enough, Short Schiff drools on over Hannah's role in *Roxanne*: "It's the sort of role she was born to play: dream girl, love object, fantasy figure—movie star." Which is a pity, because in the next issue of *V.F.*, in Short Schiff's review of *Roxanne* and the "role she was born to play," he writes, "Daryl Hannah can handle Roxanne's beauty but not her brains." Guess he didn't notice the first time, or maybe he hadn't seen the movie he was shamelessly plugging.

Speaking of plugging, we looked in on the *Voice's* David "Wangdoodle" Edelstein to see how his fever's doing lately. Alas—same as usual. In his rapturous profile of Ellen Barkin for *Rolling Stone*, Wangdoodle got right to the steamy stuff, describing Barkin's sex scene with Dennis Quaid in *The Big Easy*. "For the rest of *The Big Easy*," he wrote, "we're totally plugged into her."

We prefer the short takes of the delight-

ful *Details* team of perverse movie reviewers. "The cops wear Armani, there's more slow motion than a Marcel Marceau performance, Eliot Ness is too cute and De Niro pulls another Mama Cass" (Hal Rubenstein, *The Untouchables*). "Steve Martin sports a fake schnoz that makes him look like Karl Malden" (Michael Musto, *Roxanne*). "Even the blow job was boring" (Elise Maiberger, *Devil in the Flesh*).

But Cookie Mueller, *Details's* philosophical art critic, was at it again. "I would guess that the biggest, most universal, well-pondered and ancient question of all time is the question of the existence of the soul," wrote the well-pondered Cookie. "Do we have one or not? What's the real deal?"

"Please put up with me," began Erika Munk desperately in the must-read *Performing Arts Journal* No. 29. "I need to restate a few obvious things." Too late! We're outta here.

Would that the collective literary critics of *Esquire* ("Guide to the Literary Universe," August) had let us off the hook as soon as the mad Munk did. "The pages that follow contain our view of the current literary world," *Esquire* announced with fanfare. "Why should we be doing this? Why the hell not." With that sense of cultivated conviction, it was inevitable that *Esquire* should receive my Hello Dolly Folly Award. Their "Who's Who in the Cosmos 1987" gives astrology a bad name. To link successful golddigger and socialite Gayfryd Steinberg with Robert Gottlieb of *The New Yorker* at "The Red-Hot Center" gives social climbing a bad name. I found Philip Roth as the "Star of David" more than a trifle forced. And Gay Talese is *not*, believe me, a "Heavenly Body" but "Out of Orbit." "Falling Stars"—such as all book clubs, minimalism, the National Book Critics Circle Award and Nell's—is a little too all-inclusive and easy for my taste, as is "Lost in Space": academic criticism, independent bookstores, poetry and young heterosexual male authors.

But you get the idea. *Esquire* was trying to be sort of *mischievous*. "If there's a lesson in the stars," wrote its teeny little editor in chief, 64-inch-high Lee Eisenberg, on an ostensibly more serious note, "it's that books and stories do not simply drop from the sky." If *Esquire's* critical cosmos is accurate, they drop from an overcrowded and overfamiliar planet called the Hamptons. ☺

Girl CRAZY



BY CONSTANCE ADLER

I. PAULINE KAEI

She is the great *hubbe* of movie reviewers. Worshipers at the Kael altar should beware, however, of a peculiar tendency in her writing: when she writes about women, and especially about women's bodies, this grandmotherly type with the X-Acto critical mind tends to blow her cool, to lapse into throbbing hyperbole. Here are some choice bits from just the last few years.

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS EXTRA!

"Vanessa Redgrave's smart, **ribald** Peggy Ramsay is the one with life. Redgrave has never been more **physically witty** than she is here in a scene where she's just sitting and talking and **rubbing her shapely leg**. She's fifty, and she's **never been sexier** or more spontaneous. The combination of **her size and the light in her eyes is enough to heat up the theatre**" (on *Prick Up Your Ears*).

"Barbara Hershey has a **luscious** presence here. She has a **sexual vibrancy** about her, and . . . it's easy to believe that her brother-in-law would become obsessed with her" (on *Hannah and Her Sisters*).

"After [Joanna Cassidy] meets the governor-general she lights up, and when they've become a pair and she looks at him **her smile is big and dazzling**. . . . She's a **sexual powerhouse**" (on *Club Paradise*).

"[Debra] Winger has **thick, long, loose hair** and a **deep, sensual beauty** in this movie . . ." (on *Mike's Murder*).

"[Melanie Griffith's] voice **keeps you purring with contentment**. . . . (Has anybody ever looked better in **smeared lipstick?**)" (on *Something Wild*).

"The tall, **goddessy, vaguely libidinous** Daryl Hannah . . ." (on *Legal Eagles*).

"Bette Midler has never before been **so seductive** on the screen. . . . (I think I'd be happy to watch an evening of Midler just doing her **bobble-jiggle walks**)" (on *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*).

Take my word for it: in the last two years of *New Yorker* issues I did not find anything about men in Kael's columns written with nearly such relish (although she does hold a small torch for Nick Nolte and his high cheekbones). Kael can be downright cruel in her treatment of boys who try to be pretty. I even found myself feeling sorry for Tom Cruise when she called him "such a Nautilized, dinky thing." And then she really let him have it:

"Cruise puts on a hotshot show that has about as much authenticity as Richard Gere's freaked-out display in 'Looking for Mr. Goodbar' . . . with his mousy voice and the way he overdoes poor insecure Vincent's anger. . . . He keeps flashing his big grin, but not to the effect desired" (on *The Color of Money*).

Male actors have to be Gielgudian to receive Kael's blessing, whereas a woman may be rewarded for being merely pretty or a "sexual powerhouse." Of course, Kael appreciates women who can act too, but she doesn't decimate them if they can't—as long as they're sexy. And Kael sometimes sounds as though she equates sexual presence with acting up a storm. Kael puts her appreciation in terms that sound astonishingly male-chauvinist-piggy. Imagine if a male reviewer, for example, were to use the classic reductionist gambit of Woman as Baby Doll:

"[Pamela Reed's] **big-eyed doll face** is **so pretty** here that you have to grin when you look at her" (on *The Best of Times*).

"At first sight, Patsy Kensit seems a **knockout**. A **blond dolly** with **babyish cheeks** and a **petulant mouth**. . ." (on *Absolute Beginners*).

Even better, Woman as Cutesy-pie Insect:

"[Isabelle] Huppert can play a **cuddlebug** (she's **delectable** when she goes to the bedroom window [naked] . . .)" (on *The Bedroom Window*).

Then there is the extraordinarily guyish Woman as Automobile metaphor:

"[Jessica Lange is] as confidently **sexual** as any American screen star past or present,

and **when this woman gets to shake her chassis it's some chassis**" (on *Crimes of the Heart*).

Sometimes all that cinematic girl flesh becomes a barely distinguishable blur:

". . . And the **ravishing** Lori Singer (she's like a teen-age Jessica Lange)" (on *Trouble in Mind*).

Certain predilections crop up repeatedly in Kael. Breasts in Bondage, for instance:

"For most of [*Peggy Sue Got Married*, Kathleen Turner is] supposed to be not quite eighteen. . . . It's especially tough for her, because she's a **womanly big woman poured into tight teen-age-schoolgirl dresses**."

"[Ellen Greene's] clothes look laminated to her body, which is so frail, narrow-shouldered, and tiny-waisted that you can't believe **the fleshy boobs that puff out of her décolletage**. . . . [She] is a **weird little wow**" (on *Little Shop of Horrors*).

My personal favorite appeared rather recently. It includes Breasts in Bondage, but, more important, it is also an example of the Hog-Calling School of Criticism.

"I kept wanting to see lanky Lonette stand next to the towering [Anjelica] Huston. Coppola doesn't grant us that diversion, but **we do get to see Huston in a series of sleeveless, tight late-sixties minidresses, and—ooooe—she's a harlot, she's a princess**" (on *Gardens of Stone*).

Ooooo? Does Kael *intend* to sound like a young sailor at his first striptease?

II. JOHN SIMON

Across town is Pauline Kael's obverse in the girl-craziness department. Simon, *New York* magazine's theater critic, is also obsessed with the way women look. He is far less talented than Kael, but the more important difference, of course, is that he doesn't like what he dissects.

There's one thing you've got to hand John Simon: the man has follow-through. In 1977 he wrote of Liza Minnelli:

"I always thought Miss Minnelli's face deserving—of first prize in the beagle category. . . . It is a face going off in three directions simultaneously: the nose always en route to becoming a trunk, blubber lips unable to resist the pull of gravity, and a chin trying its damndest to withdraw into the neck . . ." (on *The Act*).



EXTERMINATOR CHILI

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Then *seven years later*, in his review of *The Rink*, he finished her off:

"There are also some unintentionally funny lines, such as Miss Minnelli's repeated complaint to Miss Rivera, 'You never once told me I'm pretty!'"

He likewise picked on Amanda Plummer through *three* productions before moving in for the kill in the fourth:

"No one in his right mind, I imagine, would expect physical comeliness, natural grace, or a rich aroma of femininity from Miss Plummer, which is why no one in his right mind would cast her as Eliza" (on *Pygmalion*).

But Simon specializes in tossing spears at the giants. He condemns them on a number of counts: age, excess weight and, more often than not, just plain ugliness. This last is something that Simon appears to view as a moral failing.

"Glenda Jackson is intolerable. Nina Leeds, O'Neill's idea of the eternal female, has to be, on some level, attractive. Quite aside from her age, Miss Jackson is not appealing in any part—face, body, or limbs—and moves as if she had only just been unyoked from a plow" (on *Strange Interlude*).

"Take Geraldine Page as the protagonist. . . . The actress, whose face now resembles a melting Charles Laughton mask. . . ." (on *The Madwoman of Chaillot*).

Simon is almost never quick and merciful. In fact, his style of slaughter is often baroque in its bloodlust—its soaring, extended metaphors, its meticulous itemization of an actress's physical flaws:

"[Peggy Lee] is rather like a bleached sarcophagus placed upright on the stage. . . . She moves her iconic face as minimally as she does her body, and this combined with a speaking voice as flat and monotonous as her native North Dakota suggests the constrictions of plastic surgery or the restrictions of embalming" (on *Peg*).

"Semina de Laurentiis, formerly of *Nonsense*, whose distinguishing features are an overbite that must be cantilevered. . . ." (on *Have I Got a Girl for You?*).

Simon is an unashamed advocate of the Out to Pasture Movement. I can't help but wonder, though, how long he thinks cranky old reviewers should be allowed to

go on publishing their fusty tirades:

"Miss [Barbara] Cook, at 59, has nicely preserved her voice and visage, but has unfortunately seen fit to preserve also her girlish ways, which, given her Wagnerian girth, is a bad idea" (on *Barbara Cook: A Concert for the Theatre*).

"In the part of the sexy young Marie, Mia Dillon is neither sexy nor young enough. . . ." (on *Come Back, Little Sheba*).

"Dianne Wiest is too old, too plain, too unsexy for Maggie, who is incessantly hailed as a sex goddess" (on *After the Fall*).

Yet Simon, unlike Pauline Kael, doesn't like too much *woman* in his women. Instead he scolds them, wrinkling his nose like a catty aunt when an actress gets a little unladylike onstage.

"Patti LuPone, as Nancy, must convey both trashiness and nobility, yet manages only the first" (on *Oliver!*).

"But why was Sally Struthers. . . cast as the meticulous, pernickety one, when she is grossly overweight and slatternly-looking?" (on *The Odd Couple*).

In his movie reviews for the *National Review*, Simon has the opportunity to rake and riddle film actresses as well. It's interesting to see where he and Kael disagree:

"And Bette Midler, with *her* endowments, should hold out for a genuine freak show rather than settle for Mazursky's version of it" (on *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*).

"Daryl Hannah remains a rotten actress and still looks like a linebacker in a Lorelei wig" (on *Legal Eagles*).

A few years ago, Simon actually tried to defend his piggish aesthetics in print:

"I believe that unless a major part on stage or screen explicitly calls for an unsightly person, it is better filled by a performer who is, besides being talented, prepossessing."

It must be a terrible burden for this beleaguered reviewer to have to watch these women—these dogs, these *cows*—stampede all over his beloved theater. Poor Simon has a real problem: He doesn't like 'em chubby, and he doesn't like 'em old. He doesn't like 'em flighty, and he doesn't like 'em bold. He doesn't like 'em prissy, and he doesn't like 'em sloppy. One begins to think he just doesn't like 'em. ☹

Americans vs.

BIDETS



BY LEAH ROZEN

ISSUE: AMERICANS VS. BIDETS.

Fact: Sam H. visited Europe as a young boy. Encountering his first bidet, he mistook it for a toilet. When his efforts at flushing away the evidence failed, he had to call in his mother.

PERSONAL HYGIENE

I have always found the tour of the White House a big disappointment, since what I want to see most, the private bathrooms of

the president, are off-limits to regular citizens. A recent call to the White House press office, however, satisfied my curiosity: There is no truth to the rumor that Jacqueline Kennedy had bidets installed. There are no bidets in the White House now, nor have there ever been, at least as far back as the Truman administration, when the last major plumbing renovations were made. "Before that, records are sketchy," says a spokesman who identified himself as Mark but, understandably, refused to give his last name, lest he be quoted discussing presidential lavatories.

The president and Nancy's continuation of the postwar no-bidet policy is a deft political move, since it sides them squarely with the majority of American, bidetless, voters. Although the Kohler Company, a bathroom fixture manufacturer, says the company's bidet sales are up 75 percent since 1980, independent bidet industry experts estimate that bidets are installed in only 2 percent of all new bathrooms, and in 1 percent of those undergoing renovation. The Census Bureau, ordinarily so helpful when it comes to tracking down esoteric statistics, doesn't bother to find out how many American households have bidets. "We are nosy, but not that nosy," says Mark Mangold, a Census Bureau spokesman.

Most Americans, if they've even heard of bidets, find them perplexing and objec-

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tionably foreign. In the American mind, bidets are inextricably tied to seedy sex and the eliminatory processes, and we all know how we feel about those. John Laughton, manager of marketing products at American Standard, a major bidet manufacturer, says, "I suspect Americans regard bidets the way they do because in the two world wars, when young American men were in France and got into someone's apartment and saw a bidet, it tended to belong to a woman of doubtful reputation. Of course, if they'd gone into good homes, they'd have found bidets there too."

Issue: Americans vs. bidets. Fact: Two co-eds from Texas traveled to Rome as part of a grand tour. They saw their first bidet and promptly bent over and used it as a drinking fountain.

New York, which has always considered itself the most European of American cities, is finally coming around on the issue of bidets. After all, Leona Helmsley has 215 bidets, so why shouldn't you? Hers are in the bathrooms of the \$235-a-night rooms at the Helmsley Palace. And despite a lot of confusion about exactly what it is that bidets do and how they do it, more and more people are finding bidets an appealing home appliance.

As with so much of what's awful about New York these days, the surge in bidet installation can be blamed on that deadly combination of young Europeans-about-town and brand-new Wall Street and real estate fortunes. All of the apartments in Trump Tower come with bidets. "People in Trump Tower expect them," says Norma Foerderer, a spokeswoman for the Queens-born casino operator who built the building. Other tasteless new residential high rises featuring bidets include Metropolitan Tower, which offers the "Empress bidet," described in a publicity brochure as follows: "This impressively designed bidet with swivel spray beautifully complements the Emperor II toilet. . . . The Empress design and technology bring contemporary European luxury to your bathroom."

"Having a bidet says, 'I'm sophisticated. I've traveled.' And they say, 'I have something you don't have,'" says Florence Perchuk, who designs and renovates bathrooms costing as much as \$200,000. If a New York bathroom has the space, she says, she'll put in a bidet (except in prewar buildings, where antiquated plumbing systems limit bidet installation—an irony that may not be appreciated by the nou-

veau elegant, bidet-happy greenmailer who has just paid \$3.5 million for a vintage Park Avenue apartment).

Issue: Americans vs. bidets. Fact: "Water fascinates him. . . . He will jump in the tub after I've drawn my bathwater—and then sit in the bidet and visit with me while I bathe."—Loni Anderson on her cat, Louis Jourdan.

The rush to embrace bidets is, of course, being encouraged by bidet manufacturers. Even so, Paul Hacker, a senior marketing analyst for Kohler, says, "the kind of issues you have to discuss when talking about bidets are not the kind that lend themselves to elegant literature or flaming marketing claims." Euphemism rules. The company has put together an illustrated brochure entitled *The Bidet: A Better Way to Cleanliness* ("You don't have to be totally undressed to use a bidet. . .") and produced a five-minute film called *The Bidet*.

Contrary to popular American belief, bidets are not just for women's postcoital cleaning. Rather, they are designed to be used by both sexes instead of toilet paper—or as those in the field like to say, for local cleaning. Kohler's brochure appeals to common sense: "After all, if dry tissue isn't sufficient to clean your hands, it is only logical that soap and water should be used to cleanse other parts of the body as well."

Issue: Americans vs. bidets. Fact: Linda P. says that when she lived in Paris, "I used {the bidet} as a wine cooler, to wash lingerie in, and when I'd travel, I'd put my plants in there with a plastic bag covering them."

In truth, Americans really don't have much need for bidets. As travelers to Europe know only too well, it was nearly impossible until recently to find a decent shower there, much less a reliable supply of hot and clean water. Consequently, bidets are extremely useful if one bathes only every second Monday. Here in America, though, hot water is plentiful and daily showers are practically obligatory, making the bidet hopelessly redundant. But when did a status-seeking New Yorker ever let function get in the way of form when it came to making an acquisition?

Issue: Americans vs. bidets. Fact: "The problems were never in the bedroom," said Ava {Gardner}. "We were always great in bed. The trouble usually started on the way to the bidet."—page 175. His Way, Kitty Kelley's unauthorized biography of Frank Sinatra. 3

Wild

GAMES



BY JOE QUEENAN

WHY IS THERE STILL NO NOBEL prize for Leisure Products? A Rockville, Maryland, firm called Eldergames has introduced a Trivial Pursuit-ish game for people who suffer from memory loss. It's

called Eldertrivia. Until now, the only positive feature of Alzheimer's disease was the slender hope that severe memory loss could

TOYS

purge one's mind forever of such minor unpleasantnesses as 1952, any Super Bowl and *Love, American Style*. Now all hope has fled, and Alzheimer's will be just as bad as any other degenerative disease.

Eldertrivia is only one of a series of games aimed at the burgeoning senior-



citizen, memory-damaged, game-loving, housebound public. Its appearance at the same time as *The Tower Commission Report* is entirely coincidental. Eldergames, whose products have all been developed in consultation with experts on aging and memory loss, has also introduced a nobody-loses spinning game, a feel-and-fold toy and a set of flash cards called Memory Joggers. One of the oversize cards depicts a baseball player and is "designed to stimulate recall" of Hank Aaron, Willie Mays or boyhood

sandlot exploits. Another shows a paintbrush and a tube of paint and is supposed to call up artistic recollections. A third depicts a dump truck and is, one assumes, designed to evoke memories of gravel.

Despite the inherent appeal such demographically timely products would seem to possess, it is by no means certain that Eldertrivia will be a retailing smash. Three years ago a West Coast expert on reproduction and what causes it tried to market a sexually educational version of Monopoly for kids, called Humanopoly. The winner of the game, which replaced the Monopoly playing pieces (top hat, iron) with eggs and sperms, was the first player to race around the board and conceive.

A couple of years after Carol Wells brought Humanopoly to market, I called her to find out how things were going. Not so well, she said. Despite enthusiastic press coverage, the game never really got off the ground. Though she eventually managed to unload 2,700 copies, mostly to schools, she couldn't get Humanopoly into F.A.O. Schwarz, and she couldn't get it into Toys R Us. Nor was Sears, Roebuck breaking down her door. Wells seemed disappointed and even a little bit surprised. She was from California.

Though Eldertrivia will not face the same debilitating PR problems encountered by Humanopoly, it too could run into resistance in the marketplace, where there is already something of a post-Trivial Pursuit games glut. Now that a Monsey, New York, firm called Theraplay Inc. has brought out Divorce Cope—the only board game, mercifully, aimed directly at the millions of American children whose parents are divorced—and an inventor in Oklahoma City has perfected a board game called Nuke: The Last Game on Earth, Eldertrivia will find itself competing for a rapidly shrinking nutty-and-overwrought-board-game dollar. In many households, the question could well be, *do we buy a unique board game for our children that allows them to deposit ANGER, DEPRESSION and LONELINESS cards and pick up HAPPY TIMES, INDEPENDENCE and OPTIMISM cards—all of which will help them cope with the fact that they only see one of us every third weekend; or do we buy a unique, rewarding, interactive, self-directing board game for our elderly parents who can't remember who we are anyway?*

These are the kinds of questions America will increasingly face as the twentieth century draws to a close. ☺



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TRICK

or Treat or Else



BY ELLIS WEINER

OCTOBER IS THE COOLEST MONTH—nice, nippy weather, foliage brilliant and altogether so evocative it makes you mourn the death of God, the whole russet apples/woodsmoke-tang-in-the-air/Ray

HOW TO
BE A
GROWN
UP

Bradbury thing . . . culminating in, of course, My Birthday. Being born on Halloween is actually not as bad as it sounds—even

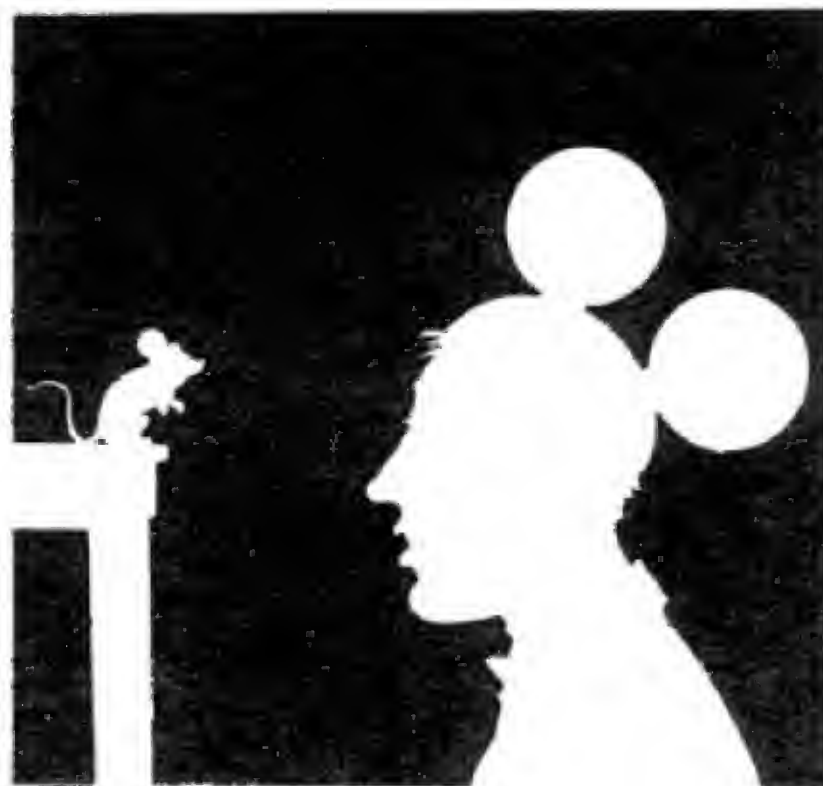
during my childhood, fewer people than you'd expect greeted that information with "Oh, so *that's* why you look that way." (Although, in fact, it *is* why I look this way.) Still, a Halloween birthday did prevent a full appreciation of the rituals of the holiday. While I willingly joined the roving gangs of costumed kids trooping from ranch house to ranch house, their handfuls of dinky candy rattling around at the bottom of over-optimistically large A & P grocery bags, I may have thought one or two thousand times, *Trick or treat, indeed—this is my birthday.*

Increasingly, however, I've been greeting each dawning Halloween not with exultation in the wonderful me-ness of me, but with a terse "No comment." The problem is that with every waning October I'm another year older than that season's 23-year-old fiction-writing phenom whose slim volume of short stories (*Drifting*; 68 pages; Knopf, \$19.95) has been called, in cover blurbs featuring objective assessments by the author's friends, "the most totally sensitive and unbelievably compassionate first collection of stories since our own (*Meandering*; 71 pages; Knopf, \$18.95) came out last year." It's not that I mind getting older; it is the grown-up's duty to get older.

That's why I'm no fun on Halloween. But you guys go have a good time. Many of you will anyway—perhaps too many, and too good a time. Certain segments of

our postmodern, fast-paced society seem to have confused the notion of "the child in all of us" with that of "the childishness in all of us." The result is a broad range of behavior, from the irksome to the egregious, of which too ardent an adult celebration of Halloween—elaborate costumes, antic parades, spontaneous revelry—is perhaps the least offensive.

Actually, I don't really mind that sort of thing. Granted, "Trick or treat" is little more than a child's form of the old protection shakedown. ("Who knows, Mrs. Jenkins—something bad could happen to your nice windows.") Indeed, probably most of the felons behind bars today started out at the age of eight, going from house to house or apartment to apartment, brandishing bars of soap and rolls of toilet paper and demanding bite-size Almond Joys. ("Suppose my client is guilty," the public defender might try crying at the jury. "At least he was in touch with the child that is in him, in you, in all of us!") A friend has suggested



that there is a movement abroad to force Halloween into becoming a national version of Carnival. True, the willed aspect of all this is off-putting. But Carnival looks like fun, and the possibility of having a semblance of it without having to be Catholic and live in a desperately impoverished country strikes me as being the best of at least one and a half worlds.

I don't even mind another manifestation of our indwelling child-ness. I refer, of course, to the epidemic of mimes. It has become chic to despise them, and one can see why: the child in *them* is a more-innocent-than-thou goody-goody. The only time *we* summon up the child in *us* is not to react afresh to the infinite delight of a world swarming with serendipitous discovery but to justify acting like a brat and

eating up all the Häagen-Glädjé and Das Steve's when no one is looking. (Memo to producers of horrible Broadway musicals: The swing in sentiment against these black-clad street performers is a dandy subject for someone's next terrible, money-losing, humanity-embarrassing production. We already have a title: *Anti-Mime*. I'm talking Joel Grey in whiteface. I'm talking a backstage, triumphs-and-heartbreaks Marvin Hamlisch-y thing. The finale—this is the inspired part—is sung *entirely without words*.)

None of which is as offensive as what *New York* magazine will any day now (if it hasn't already) call The New Boyishness. It consists of equal parts adolescent smugness, class-clown disingenuousness and a sort of horrifying playfulness that in an adult is meant to be cute. Examples include the smirking numskull on the Pan Am Shuttle TV commercials (about the "haves" and the "have-nots"), characters that Judd (*St. Elmo's Fire*) Nelson could play today and that Bill (*The Cosby Show*) Cosby could have played ten years ago, and any human being in a suit and tie who calls another such human being "big guy."

This style—with its vaguely homosexual subtext—is most closely identified with members of, or aspirants to, the ruling class. Indeed, these boy-men are the counterparts of that class's men-women, those brisk, cool preppy girls and yuppie gals. When they're not playing the glib professional at work, the men play the giggling frat-house rascal manqué after hours. The women smoke, talk with blunted affect and call one another by last names.

Confronted with such people, the child in the grown-up recoils in uncomprehending horror, while the grown-up in the grown-up can only sigh in resignation, seeking comfort in the hope that these people, like everyone else, will one day be terrorized by the American Hitler whom they themselves will place in power.

But why be such a sorehead, on this month of months? Let's watch TV.

"It's an NBC Halloween celebration!" some announcer will say any day now. "Join Bob Hope, Loni Anderson, Lee Iacocca, Brooke Shields, Admiral Poin-dexter, Benji, ALF, President and Mrs. Reagan and Pinchas Zukerman for a gala fun-filled two hours—a very special television treat for children from six to 96!"

"Yes," I will want to add, "and for adults under ten and a half." ☺

Dog's Best FRIEND



BY FRED KAUFMAN

THERE'S A WOMAN WHO IS WHISPERED about with reverence and fear by the most powerful politicians in Albany. A woman whose real name (Barbara Schultz, of Woodmere, Long Island) need never be uttered, is often not even known by those she influences. A mysterious woman of indeterminate middle age, in pointy shoes and fishnet stockings. A skinny woman with bleached platinum hair and Tammy Faye makeup who, for the last nine years, has single-handedly foiled every attempt to pass a certain type of state legislation. This woman is not a registered lobbyist, or a lawyer. She apparently doesn't represent any organization. And she's heralded throughout New York political circles as the impossibly tenacious, one and only, miniskirted Dog Lady.

The Dog Lady. She holes up in Albany hotels for months at a time, paying out of her own pocket, an ever-vigilant sentinel. Each time *the* bill—the dog-licensing deregulation legislation (this year it was Bill 4161-A)—hits the State Senate floor, she marshals her forces (her mom, who shows up to help pass out leaflets) to defeat it.

In fact, the Dog Lady has been blocking legislation since the mid-1960s. "She used to be called the Cat Lady," a well-placed source in the legislature says; it is unclear exactly when *canine* overtook *feline* as eponym. "The Dog Lady is far more sophisticated than many other lobbyists," the source adds. "But I can't even figure out where she gets her Xerox machine."

Twenty years, the Dog Lady has spent hounding lawmakers to vote down anything but what she would consider *the Ultimate Pet Bill*. Twenty years spent bursting into the offices of state senators and assemblymen, tearfully and angrily threatening to sic hundreds of pet lovers

on anyone who doesn't vote the way she wants. And 20 years of being thrown out. And 20 years of returning to those same offices again and again and again. Twenty years might seem like a long time, but in fact the Dog Lady's current obsession dates back to the dog-licensing law of 1894, which empowered New York City to give the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals exclusive jurisdiction over what's known as animal control—dog catching.

Now, if there's one thing the Dog Lady can't stand, it's dog catching. The Dog Lady has, in fact, convinced herself that the ASPCA is not at all interested in preventing cruelty to animals, but is in fact a morally dissolute organization that sells animals for biological experimentation—anathema to the hearts of all animal rights advocates. And it's not only the Dog Lady who's been snapping at the ASPCA. Each year, many others have argued, the ASPCA, out of sheer inefficiency at collecting licensing fees from dog owners, costs the city of New York a considerable sum in foregone revenues—as much as \$2.1 million last year alone. Senate Bill 4161-A would repeal the law of 1894, thus ending the ASPCA's legal monopoly on licensing and catching dogs by allowing New York City to accept competitive bids for animal licensing. Ending the ASPCA monopoly, yes—and *perhaps thus giving the dog-catching franchise to some organization still more vile, amoral and antidog*. Or so the Dog Lady seems to think.

The bill she hates is also, like the Dog Lady, antivivisectionist. Let us quote directly: "The bill prohibits an animal impounded pursuant to this act . . . to be sold, transferred or otherwise be made available to a person for the purpose of research. . . ."

Sure, the bill *says* that no one is allowed to sell animals for research. But a statement like that doesn't fool the Dog Lady. Was 4161-A . . . the Ultimate Dog Bill? *Her* Ultimate Dog Bill? No!

So for nine years the Dog Lady has fought variations of the bill—fought and won—while opposing lobbyists were awakened in the wee hours by a very odd kind of phone call. "Hello?" "Hello, Mr. _____. Do you consider this bill . . . the *quintessential* dog bill?" "No." "You admit it!" *Click*.

No. 4161-A was a Republican-sponsored bill in the Republican-controlled

State Senate, backed by the mayor of the city of New York. Yet for nine years the Dog Lady laughed in the face of such opposition. Laughed until one day last spring when, on the strength of a single vote, Senate Bill 4161-A finally passed.

Chaos ensued. The state senators who had been relaxing in the lounge and had missed the vote careered back onto the floor, pleading permission for a change in the record to show they'd voted *against* the bill—anything to escape the wrath of wave upon wave of pet avengers, not to mention the Dog Lady, who by this time was a hysterical wreck. Albany was in an uproar. And thus the politically unthinkable occurred: Senate Bill 4161-A was recalled onto the Senate floor.

Only then did the senators begin to realize the full extent of what was happening. "All the years I've been here," Senator Hugh Farley bellowed to the reconvened Senate, "I've never seen anything this outrageous."

"This bill really has become a fiasco," declared Senator Howard Nolan, "and because some lobbyist or somebody [read: *Dog Lady*] tried to hoodwink some of the people in this chamber is a poor excuse for us not to pass this bill."

The senators began to feel a collective resentment. They'd been used. They'd been manipulated. "Everybody that voted against this bill," Senator Farley insisted, "should vote *for* it!"

Then Senator Franz Leichter took the floor. Leichter, a Democrat from Manhattan involved in dog issues for a good portion of the past nine years, had just voted *against* the bill. (He changed his vote when the bill came up again.)

"Somehow," lamented Leichter, "with all the major issues we face, nothing ever seems to generate as much heat and offer as much confusion as bills involving dog licensing."

"Are we doormats?" shouted the incensed John Marchi, the bill's sponsor. "Why? Because one woman out in the hall hands out a lot of messages?"

And thus the New York State Senate *re*-passed 4161-A—this time with a crushing 46-to-9 landslide vote.

The Dog Lady was shattered. She declared that she was heading straight for Governor Cuomo's office to make him veto the bill, but her voice lacked the old verve. No gubernatorial veto was forthcoming. ☹

Subway FARE

BY JAY MARTEL

TWO QUESTIONS OFTEN HEARD IN regard to subway food: *Is it edible?* and *Can the people who spend all of every day serving it bear live young?* To the first, the answer is yes. Well, sort of. As for the second ques-

EATING

tion, a paucity of female underground food servers makes this difficult to confirm or deny.

Both points will soon be moot, however. In an effort to stem the rising tide of subway litter, the MTA is cutting back on new licenses to food vendors. Of 353 existing subway concessions, only 31 sell food. In another five years, you'll be lucky to find a single stale doughnut between newsstands.

For many, this may not rank as an important concern compared with the disappearance of the snail darter or the osprey. But these are no doubt people who have never had the pleasure of dining en route in the world's greatest underground railway. Whether you're a patron of the IND, the IRT or the BMT, there's a meal waiting for you on the shady side of the turnstiles. It's been waiting there awhile too.

BREAKFAST

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Wake up, subway sleepyhead. It's time for an eye-opener, down-under style.

While traditional breakfast specials are available at many subway "restaurants" (the snack bar under Grand Central, just around the corner from the plaque in honor of IRT employees who died in World War I, offers two eggs any style, French fries, coffee and a large orange drink for a modest \$1.40), the more traveled route is coffee and a doughnut—the conductor and brakeman of subway cuisine.

Doughnuts are one of the subway's enduring enigmas: a given doughnut's degree of freshness can range from not very to

Paleolithic, and those smudged-plastic display cases aren't much help in distinguishing hard-as-rocks from recent arrivals. A good bet is to go with the least shiny sugar glaze: like stones polished by the surf, doughnuts have a tendency to gleam with age. Subway coffee, on the other hand, is very predictable. The jolting subterranean joe might be a bit aggressive, but it gets the job done. Whether you order it to stay or to go, you'll be going by the time you're done, and fast too.

LUNCH

You made it! More coffee is no doubt in order, but a stop at the nearest snack bar reveals lunch as the meal the subway does best. Most snack bar menus vary hardly at all: hot dogs, pretzels, popcorn (made before the doughnuts), phosphorescent fruit punches with names like Bang, Olé and



Zow cascading in plastic tanks, nachos with traffic-reflector-orange cheese-product sauce, and some sort of dessert—cookies, ice cream or ancient Baggies filled with blindingly pink cotton candy.

A lot of people refuse to eat subway hot dogs, claiming to worry about the wholesomeness of the ingredients. My concern is not so much where they come from but what they've been doing lately. Most subway dogs look like they've been rolling on those shiny steel pipes since the Truman administration. (What's with those rolling hot dog servers, anyway? Are those pups being cooked or exercised?)

Since the cuisine is a constant, atmosphere becomes crucial in selecting a subway lunch site. First of all, you want a good view of the tracks, not only to be part of the excitement but also to avoid tripping down a flight of stairs and choking on a foot-long in pursuit of your train. For

example, dining at the snack bar at the Jay Street-Borough Hall station in Brooklyn, situated above and between the two platforms, could kill you going in either direction. Other snack bars, such as the one at Broad Street, are simply too far from the tracks to make eating this stuff worthwhile. You want to be where the action is—which is why my vote for four-star subway fare goes to the Delancey Street stop.

If you're riding uptown on the J or the M, you'll practically walk into this cheerful red-and-white-striped stand as you disembark. The hot dog, while standard, costs a mere 90 cents and comes with a sauerkraut that resembles pond scum less than others I've sampled. Adventurers will want to dab on a little of the very, very green relish, a single chunk of which looks like it could power a rocket to Pluto. If you're one of the fainthearted who shun hot dogs sold in highly public places, Tower Isle patties (turnovers with beef filling) are an option, although they run \$1.20 a pop. But it's the ambience you're paying for.

For another on-platform power lunch, this one closer to midtown, try Rhodos Snack on the downtown No. 1 platform at Columbus Circle. Space is so tight here that appliances are stacked on top of one another, and the marquee-style menu is stashed up under the awning—you have to crane your neck to read it. Though there are no stools for diners, the black-and-white-checked decor is a refreshing break from the carnival stripes found in most subway snack venues. Rhodos boasts the best coffee in the system and a superior pastry selection, housed in a transparent case that also serves as a counter: cookies, éclairs and doughy-looking triangles with squiggly frosting. A large sack of sugar also sits on display—perhaps for those who don't like fooling around with the dough.

Done with lunch? How about some nuts to hold you over until dinnertime? Take the R to the 34th Street nut stand, upstairs—ingeniously constructed to serve both the riding and nut-loving-but-nonriding public. This stand is something to behold, luring straphangers with giant glossy photos of assorted nuts and with pink, blue and yellow neon signs spelling OUT FRESH ROASTED NUTS and FROZEN CUSTARD. Most piquant of all is the smell of the hot nuts themselves, intermingling with the usual fetid subway aromas. Friendly young men in snappy white uni-



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forms are happy to fill your order and answer any question about nuts you might have. (*The difference is that the red pistachios are saltier than the white, sir.*) A quarter pound of pistachios runs about \$1.70—not much of a bargain, but considering you can buy them in a subway and they're not deep-fried, boiled or on rollers, it's not bad at all.

DINNER

There are three meccas of suppertime subway dining: Times Square, Union Square and Grand Central. Each leg of this Golden Triangle offers more than the casual breezeway bite. That these stations also rank among the worst in subway crime should not discourage the intrepid epicure.

Let's start with the fare at Union Square. Climb the stairs from the southern end of the IRT platform and you'll find a full-service soda fountain, the only one of its kind in the system. Even if you're not quite ready for dessert yet, chances are you'll be brought to a halt by the poster of a bespectacled old man with a long, pink tongue lapping at an ice cream cone above the caption CONES BRING OUT THE KID IN EVERYBODY. If you're a stickler for having the entrée before dessert, duck into the

subway submarine shop. Note the striking new wave decor: a row of blue Maxwell House coffee cans nailed to the wall. Pressed-meat submarines are \$1.50 here, and the eerie atmosphere created by the bluish tint of the walls and flickering fluorescent lights is offset by a steady stream of boisterous, laughing youths, drawn in by the superb candy selection.

For your intermezzo course, hop the N express uptown to Times Square. How about a knish (\$1.10) at the deluxe snack bar across from the Latino record stand? Fine—but *cuidado* when it comes to venturing off the beaten subway snack path.

Things get a little scarier as you make your way to Grand Central via the Shuttle, where a Nedick's with infinite counter space looms over the tracks. Stop at this fast-food phantom for a dog chaser to tide you over till Grand Central if you must, but be advised: while people can often be seen leaning on the counter, no one has ever been known to actually eat there.

The counter to your right as you disembark from the Shuttle and begin your journey into the bowels of Grand Central is a throwback to the heyday of New York—you know, the time Woody Allen is always mooning about, when chorus girls

could walk home through the park and cops winked and palmed apples from fruit stands. This snack bar offers the most complete menu in the underground—everything from the breakfast special (\$1.40) to a pastrami platter (\$3.40) to a cup of ice (25 cents). It's the only concession stand with an actual grill for burgers (\$1) and omelets (\$1), which come, according to one sign, FROM THE EGGERY. The retro design allusion is to Coney Island, circa V-J Day: peeling hand-painted signs depict mammoth sandwiches and gigantic hot sausages (with little flames, of course, coming off the word HOT), along with the usual stripe motif. But the thicket of signs dangling from the ceiling—PLEASE PAY WHEN SERVED and NO NAPKIN'S [*sic*], WATER, CHANGE WITHOUT PURCHASE—serve to remind you of the less carefree time we live in. So do the cuchifritos-style sausages that lie like unclaimed pieces of presidential colon in steam table vats. These links are recommended for the most adventurous only, and if you like them, I know a little shop on 14th Street, with a neon sign in the window of a little man continually stabbing a pig, that you might want to have cater your wedding. ☺

Party



▲ **Overage Debs From Hell.** It may as well be a sitcom—those swanky and curvaceous Trump wives are battling again. At the Chefs of State dinner to benefit the March of Dimes, swanky and curvaceous Blaine (strapless) and equally swanky and curvaceous Ivana (one hideously beflowered and beaded strap) vie for the attention of a photographer from the respectable and influential *New York Post*.



▲ **Three gals who have it all,** together at a luncheon honoring Liz Smith: girlfriend-of-rich-wimps Gloria Steinem, steely gossipist Smith and nasty-tempered Stepford co-host Mariette Hartley



IN

the course of a completely legal meeting with completely respectable business associates, John Gotti ogles a sophisticated European beauty at Regine's.

▲ **Dolly Parton's hand** leaving Nell's

Another freakish personality who, through dieting, has reduced herself entirely to breasts and blond hair—former fatgirl Dianne Brill



▲ **At a gallery opening,** former president Gerald Ford gets mobbed by beautiful people.



▶ With a truckload of wilting vegetables dumped at her feet, Gloria Vanderbilt announced her plans to move beyond celebrity-signature blue jeans and celebrity-signature cheap cologne into the burgeoning new celebrity-signature salad-dressing market.



▶ In utter seriousness, Shirley MacLaine and the once moderately respectable Bella Abzug (above right) hold up their personal crystals for inspection at the Dyansen Gallery; right: Shirley either (a) channels a wise and ancient spirit from the nonphysical plane with the aid of a huge phallic crystal or (b) poses for a picture.



Our all-time favorite party couple (here at a party for beef baroness Amalita Fortabat at Tavern on the Green): Gertrude Swope, looking lifelike as ever, sparkles alongside her lucky date, Grant Tinker impersonator Walter Stane. ▼

Poop



▶ Jay McInerney (top) seems to be running a private tutorial in the Art of the Sullen, Dopey Literary Stare: How to Look Like You've Seen It All. Middle: Joded Jay with successful Sullen Dopey Literary Stare pupil Bret Easton Ellis; and bottom, at a party for Ellis, with Michael J. Fox, who studied with the master to polish his role in the nonbook version of *Bright Lights, Big City*.



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JHD 3 - Happy Birthday to thee who swings a mean mallet! And many more! Love, the "wicket" one.

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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

What is more un-British than baseball? Working this sort of puzzle in England, one comes up against the bland assumption that one knows cricket. Leg-before-wicket, and all. This puzzle assumes that one knows baseball. Don Mossi, and all. One may resent this. One may take one's crossword business to some third country, then. Arrange for one's puzzles to be prepared by the sultan of Brunei, where they probably play polo with the heads of sheep. Seriously, though, there is hardly anything in this puzzle that a normal American child doesn't learn in school. If not in class, at recess. Ah, recess! It was so vividly relished by me when I was a nipper (except on those days when Conrad Breuer threw me into the rubble). Yet now the memories have faded. Nothing recedes like recall.

—R.B.

ACROSS

1. Key members of the 1919 Chicago White Sox conspired to lose the World Series, thereby earning themselves this sobriquet.
5. *P.S.*, most rearranged.
10. Tinker to Evers to Chance, Hall of Fame double-play combination (Tinker and Evers were the shortstop and second baseman, hence keystone duo, second being the keystone bag) for the old Chicago Cubs. Franklin P. Adams wrote a famous poem about them, back when it was sportswriters who wrote verse, instead of Sean Penn and that guy Owen who worked for Ollie North. Did you see that poem Owen wrote for North? Lord help us. Right-wingers ought at least rhyme. Republican free verse (worst of both worlds) is about what we have come to expect from the Reagan administration. See 16 Down.
13. *Stripling* less *s*, the abbreviation for *sacrifice*.
15. Is this near? I know I shouldn't crow. But tell me this isn't near. Yet it wasn't suggested to me by an arms merchant in a bathroom.
18. *E*, *X*, *act*.
20. The ability to pitch or to run fast is what is known in

baseball as a God-given gift.

25. Dr. Strangelove was Dick Stuart, who fielded badly. Top grade is A.
26. A common expression for on-the-field-where-the-media-and-other-mundane-and-corrupting-influences-can't-get-at-you is "between the [foul] lines." This is not a drug reference.
27. "Fall game" is football. *E* for *error*, *L* for *left*, even for "tied."

DOWN

1. Perhaps Robin and Batboy aren't rivals. But it seems as though they would be, doesn't it? Each would prefer to believe that Batman loves him more. Is my assumption.
2. Whitey Herzog's team is the Cardinals, but this clue has in mind Maurice Herzog's mountain-climbing expedition, which reached the highest peak of the Annapurna (Nepal) range in 1950. The Cardinals finished fifth that year, for your information.
3. The knees are the lowest border of the strike zone. *See* inside *knap*.
4. No arch on *hop*, plus *Ted*.
6. *Left with* rearranged minus the *l*.
7. *Moi* with *SS* inside. Don Mossi was a great Cleveland Indian relief pitcher, or fireman (relievers put out fires).
8. *Shea*, *Rose* rearranged. Remember when Pete Rose's fight with Bud Harrelson caused Shea Stadium fans to throw things at him?
9. *Degenerate* with *er* removed, rearranged.
14. You may have assumed that "coming up" meant rising, or going backward in a down clue. But it meant *imminent* (*MM* and *nine* rearranged inside *it*).
19. A trireme was rowed by galley slaves.
21. *Fat*, *ally*.
22. Cross-reference to *shoes are*. *A*, then *SS* surrounding *A*, then *E.T.*

24. *Ball Four* is the title of Jim Bouton's rollicking baseball memoir, the best book by a player in any sport. And yet it made Bouton persona non grata. Examples of memoirs that players approve of are the works of Pete Rose, who once said he'd never read a book, when he had already authored two. (Bouton had the help of Leonard Sheeter on *Ball Four*, but he did another book without him.) For my money, though, there are 12 Across on Rose. You'd a lot rather have been on a team with Rose than with, say, Hemingway. I once had a nice conversation with Rose's first wife, Carolyn. She said she had a foolproof scheme for always being the one to put in the last piece of a jigsaw puzzle: she would lean over the table and hide one piece under her big, big bosom, until the very last moment.

25. What does this clue have to do with baseball? Bats are made of ash (or hickory, or, damn it, metal), aren't they? I wonder how Carolyn Rose works crossword puzzles. ☺



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THE UN-BRITISH Crossword Puzzle

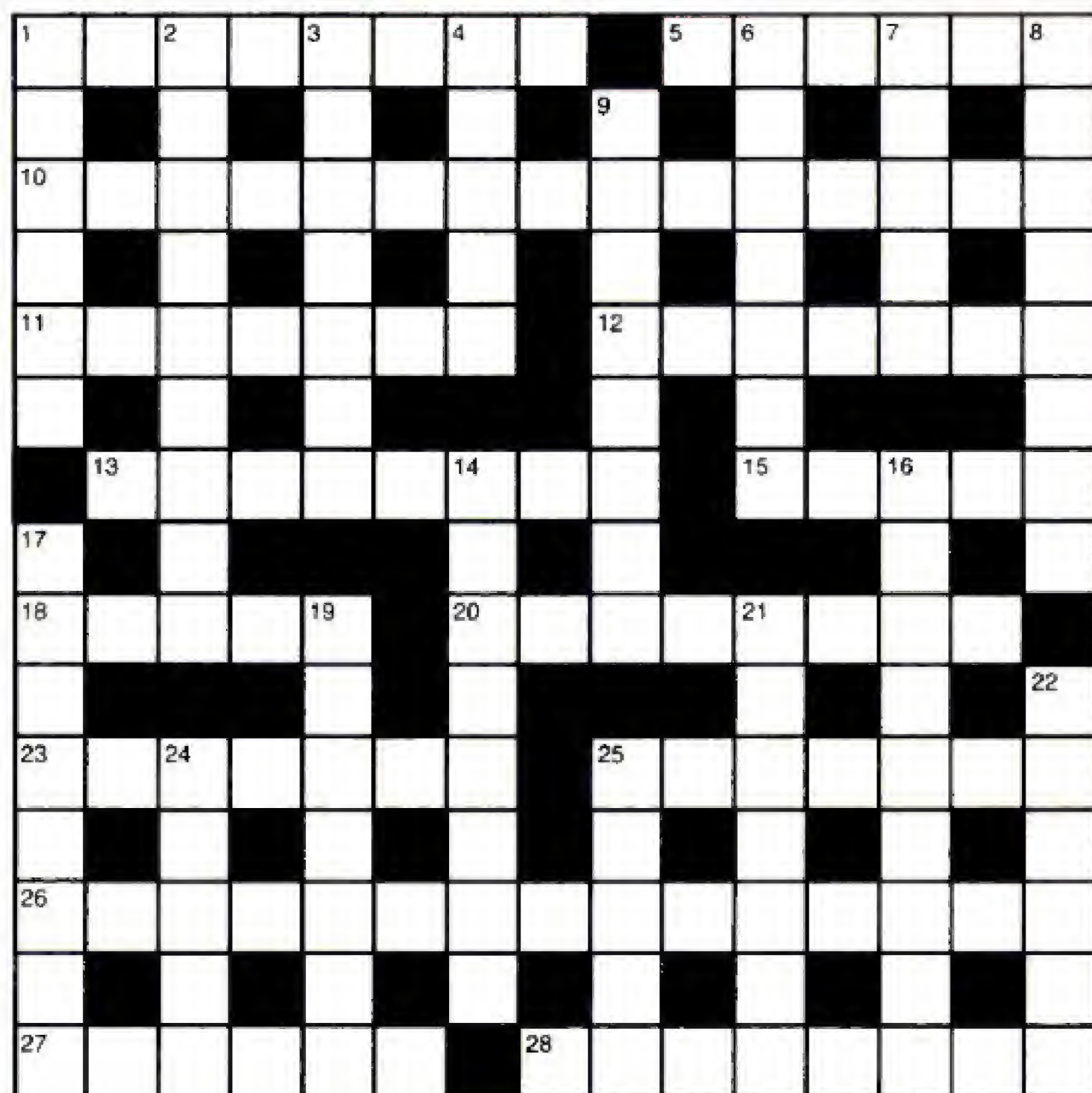
Baseball Special

ACROSS

1. Chicago's 1919 disgrace suitable formal wear 28 (5,3).
5. P.S.: most frenzied winning team does this to loser (6).
10. Legendary keystone duo turn it but—whoops, sounds like they 16 (6,2,5,2).
11. What Mets, Red Sox did to each other last fall: said nay (7).
12. What you get on you with good screens: just liners and grounders (2,5).
13. Young fellow gives up sacrifice, getting three-bagger (8).
15. Blind poet is out of here (5).
18. After E-10, perform right on the money (5).
20. You can be taught the change-up, but you can't be tied up (4,4).
23. Thumbs-up means thumbs-down for runner (3,4).
25. Dr. Strangelove dropped balls as cockneys do these top-grade irritants (7).
26. Players play where subtext lies (7,3,5).
27. Fall game's side is error left tied (6).
28. Where I wear my spikes and stand (2,2,4).

DOWN

1. Robin's rival fetches sticks (6).
2. Height achieved by Herzog's team? (9).
3. See up inside rising punk: nothing too low from here (5,2).
4. Chose hop without any 25 on Williams (5).
6. Confused, left with no ego in third extra inning (7).
7. French me! Shortstop's inside for old Indian fireman (5).
8. Shea, Rose mix it up—what are called spikes? (5,3).
9. What Gooden was as a rookie: oddly degenerate without earned run (8).
14. Coming up in it: Mickey Mantle initially with confused nine (8).
16. Error sounds like maiden opportunity (9).
17. Intensify to hit another two-bagger? (8).
19. Ship propelled by bench warmers who aren't free agents (7).
21. How Redford wasn't wounded in *The Natural*, tubby friend (7).
22. How 8 sold: a shortstop surrounds a space creature (2,1,3).
24. *Ball Four*, for instance, is what teams vie for (5).
25. Gray qua female chicken (5).



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 93.

SUSAN BENNIS WARREN EDWARDS

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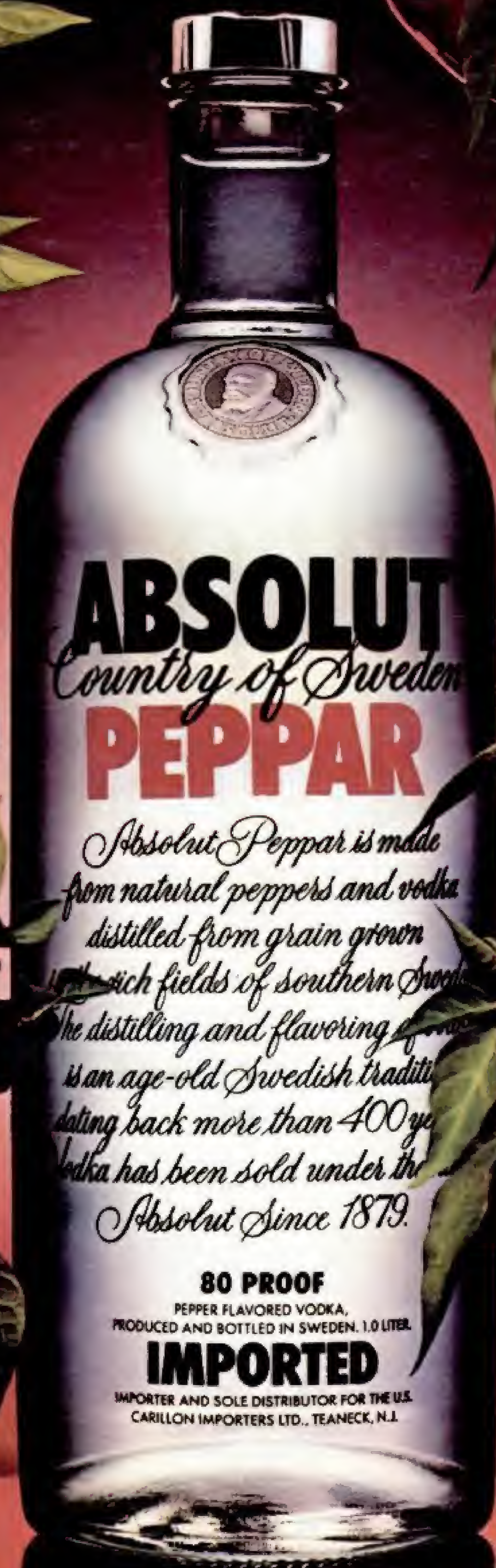


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